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THE WEEK 181
TWO POEMS 184
Weredale Park — *Cuthbert Wright*
The Great Serenity of Law — *Leo Camp*
CHRISTMAS IN LITERATURE — *Anne Fremantle* 185
THE CHILD WHO NEVER GREW UP — *John J. Barry* 188
BOOKS OF THE YEAR — *The Editors* 192
THE STAGE — *Kappo Phelan* 204
THE SCREEN — *Philip T. Hartung* 205
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 206
The Wind Is Rising—Lovely Is the Lee—Inside Rome with the Germans—Repent in Haste—The Heart of Man—Dynamite on Our Doorstep—I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen—Elizabeth and Leicester—The Trollopes—The Golden Carpet—The Senate and the Versailles Mandate System—A Survey of Catholic Literature—Shinto, the Unconquered Enemy—The Catholic Year–1946—Focus
THE INNER FORUM — *S. J. Goslin* 220

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Nuremberg

AN AMERICAN sits in the courtroom in Nuremberg judging Germans and that means that there is no longer a sovereign German nation. If there were a sovereign German nation there would be a German judge. After the last war there was a German judge because it never occurred to anyone that there was not a German nation. There were war criminals but they were German nationals and because among the victorious nations there was still so great a respect for national sovereignty and so intense a desire to preserve it, no one was willing to hang the Kaiser unless the Germans themselves were willing to hang the Kaiser.

They were not willing to hang anyone. The Allies asked the Germans to try all sorts of people accused of war crimes; they asked the German people to admit German guilt for aggressive war; they even forced a signature admitting guilt before they would grant peace. But they left the German nation its sovereignty and the German courts acquitted almost everyone they had been requested to try and the sovereign German people repudiated all idea of guilt.

The sovereign German nation proceeded along its path to incomparably greater violence, incomparably more precise plans for aggression and domination, until it entered a war in which it behaved incomparably worse than it had before.

So that this time not a shred of sovereignty has been left to the Germans; there is no German sovereign state; an international court sits in judgment on Germans in Germany.

If one still thinks, as an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, in terms of national sovereignty, then the catastrophe which has fallen upon German national sovereignty has catastrophic implications for American or English or French national sovereignty. Many people still think in such terms. They are profoundly disturbed by the trial which is taking place in Nuremberg. They think it is without precedent and they are right. They say that if there is an American judging Germans in Germany then if America were to lose a war there would be some kind of foreigner sitting in Washington judging Americans. That is true.

But it is too late now to do anything about it. Between the two wars everything that could be done to retain the concept of national sovereignty was done. The struggle to retain national sovereignty intact ended Wilson, ruined the League of Nations, permitted Italy to become fascist and have the Ethiopian war, permitted Germany to become national socialist and have World War II. So that the struggle was quite a success. And it kept on even after this war was ended. At San Francisco for instance. It still keeps on.

It is a losing struggle. The breakdown of national sovereignty cannot be prevented. It can only be observed. It is taking place right in front of us. It is there for us to see.

And unless we want the end of any possibility of civilized life it is there for us to hasten, by every imaginable effort of comprehension and wisdom. Before it is too late. The atomic bomb demands that we prepare with the utmost rapidity a system whereby nations can be prevented from using it. No system will be of any use if national sovereignties persist.

But there is more to it than the saving of our lives. Law and truth are there to be saved also and they can be saved only through their extension throughout the world and they can only be extended throughout the world by the breakdown of national sovereignties. We have broken the German national sovereignty but if that is the only one we break, then that act will be no more than an ultimate act of war. The non-Germans sitting in judgment in Nuremberg will be destroying something, creating nothing. Creating no

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new law, creating no law that will make nations responsible before the world for the use they make of violence and force. Because the law that is being formulated in Nuremberg will be entirely hypocritical, wholly invalid, unless it is valid for all nations, sincerely accepted by all nations.

They cannot accept it and retain their sovereignty. The fact is that in attempting to formulate that law the victorious nations have abandoned, implicitly and already, their own full sovereignty. Breaking down German sovereignty they have broken down their own.

So much the better.

On Opening the Books

EVERYONE with vital interest of a personal sort in the auto industry labor dispute has a different slant. Stockholders are fearsome for their dividends, should wages get a thirty percent boost without increase in prices. The consumer, who for so long has accustomed himself to making the old jallopy do, is keeping surprisingly quiet. Presumably he hopes things will be settled so that he can get a new car some day without mortgaging his entire future (exception being made of the thousands of car owners who would settle right now for a new set of tires). The auto workers are determined to get a living family wage. General Motors wants its profits, but perhaps more than anything else it is determined to conduct its vast operations protected from the public eye.

As far back as November 7 the GM management released to the press a lengthy statement explaining its refusal to accede to the United Auto Workers' demands. Here are two excerpts which are plentifully revealing:

> General Motors rejects the theory of "ability to pay" as a valid argument for demanding higher wages for the employees of a particular concern as compared to wages of other workmen doing similar work in related industry. To demand that we should pay our employees higher wages than others pay is just as unreasonable as it would be to demand that we pay higher freight rates than others or higher prices for our materials . . .
>
> Under the National Labor Relations Act collective bargaining specifically calls for bargaining over wages, hours and working conditions and other conditions of employment and does not provide for bargaining with unions over prices of products or assumed future profits.

That hints at the nub of the matter. Those men of the old school who have worked their way to the top of many of our large corporations still have a tendency to think of labor as an item in the accountant's ledger (note the ready comparison with cost of materials in the first of the above excerpts). They think of a business as their own private business regardless of how many human destinies it affects.

Now that unions are aggressive, impatient with stalling and uninhibited in their demands, a clash is inevitable. And their demands that General Motors show why it cannot afford the demanded wage increases and that raises be granted without increasing prices are what the company finds most galling. The management is righteously indignant that anyone—and especially the unions—should want to pry into what it considers its very private preserve and responsibility.

It has long been held by adherents of a Christian social philosophy that mass production has profoundly affected certain important ethical concepts. When any considerable number of men is involved, the acts of a company *per se* become social acts. They are of consequence to society at large. Thus the laying off of hundreds of workers, the determination of wages and working conditions, and the methods of reaching agreements are no longer private matters. They are of public concern.

Should, then, the books of the company be accessible to the union, as the Auto Workers demand? There is something in the contention that certain competitive secrets might be jeopardized if too much detail of a company's operations became public. However, proper safeguards could be devised.

But the main answer for all of this is a further stage in our industrial revolution: that of partnership. Ability to pay should not be a bone of strife between a warring management and labor; it should be something which industry as a whole —both management and labor—decides in concert. When workers do not feel that a company is their company, but rather an entity from which each concession must be wrung through heavy pressure, the growing strength of the American labor movement can lead only toward class warfare of the Marxian variety. And, in the mean time, to such worker abuses as featherbedding, racketeering and a general determination to get as much pay for as little work as possible. At present writing labor and management seem farther apart than ever. It is the crucial time when our postwar industrial pattern is painfully taking shape. Each party to the present dispute has a responsibility for making certain concessions. But it would seem that the admission by big business management that its operations are social rather than private in character and the extension of the hand of welcome to labor as a full-fledged partner must come first.

Pearl Harbor

REAMS are being written about the current Pearl Harbor inquiry in all its aspects. Certain sectors of our political life and of our press have been plugging two new heroes: a certain Tyler

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Kent and a certain Ezra Pound. Mr. Grew says the Army didn't get him straight. And Admiral Richardson—as was his duty—advised President Roosevelt that from a tactical and strategic point of view, our fleet would have been in a better position had it been based on the West Coast rather than on Hawaii. So far the business adds up to very little we did not know—or suspect. What is discouraging about the whole performance is the apparent lack of realization on the part of persons who should know better—columnist George E. Sokolsky is a notable example—of the varying responsibility in our governmental pattern. Army and Navy men are the servants of our State. It is their duty as best they are able to view all problems from a strictly professional vantage point, and then advise their government accordingly. The government—and specifically the President—must then determine what is *politically* wisest and act on the basis of a judgment. This judgment may very readily involve disregarding the advice of the admirals and the generals; it should not involve a total disregard for the advice of the Cabinet, of the Senate, of what the President believes to be the popular will. In a word, Americans did not want to go to war, yet they were unwilling even to consider the steps which would have been necessary to keep us out of war, especially in the Pacific. The result was the creation of a hopelessly unhealthy position, in which all those acquainted with the facts saw war inexorably coming and could do very little about it. Under such circumstances the determination of individual responsibility cannot be anything but a matter of political partisanship. As President Truman said, we were all to blame.

Items Along the Atomic Front

THE FACT of the atomic bomb continues heavily to weigh upon the minds and hearts of all mankind. At least two large public meetings are being held on the subject in New York City, and the proceedings at one of these will be broadcast. Perhaps one of the major consequences of the appearance of this new source of energy has been the loosening of the tongues of the scientists. In the past it had not been considered dignified or proper for scientists acting in a group to discuss politics or policy. No longer is this the case, and it is perhaps a good thing. The latest joint statement by the developers of the bomb relates to General MacArthur's order that Japan's cyclotrons be destroyed. Say the scientists: "Men who cannot distinguish between the usefulness of a research machine and the military importance of a sixteen-inch gun have no place in positions of authority." The scientists are right.

It is some slight indication of how profound a revolution the bomb has wrought in our thinking to reflect how utterly outmoded seems the formerly common scientific assumption that the end of the world would come by a gradual cooling-off process. Logan Pearsall Smith stated it perfectly in one of his "Trivia": "And anyhow, soon, so soon (in only two thousand million years or thereabouts, the Encyclopaedia said) this Earth would grow cold, all human activities end, and the last wretched mortals close their eyes on the rays of the dying Sun." We now meditate a blast furnace to replace the old icebox.

And how unforeseen is this revolution is indicated in some remarks made only ten years ago in a book by a Yale professor, "The Unfinished Business of Science." To save him blushes, he shall remain anonymous. "The last word has not been said yet but do not buy any stock in an Atomic Energy Development Company. You will certainly lose. . . . The accepted opinion is that the common elements cannot be induced to disintegrate spontaneously, that the amount of energy needed to activate them will probably be greater than can be regained. The radioactive elements will decompose spontaneously but, unfortunately for our energy supply, they are very rare and decompose too slowly."

But the most surprising thing of all to emerge from the bomb is a quotation Felix Morley dug up from Saint Thomas's "Summa Theologica" and used in an issue of his stimulating weekly newsletter, *Human Events*:

> In all created things there is a stable element, even if this be only primary matter, and something belonging to movement, if under movement we include operation. Now things need governing as to both, because even that which is stable, since it is created from nothing, would return to nothingness were it not sustained by a Governing Hand.

Addendum on "Liberal Catholics"

FROM the Jesuit weekly, *America* (November 24, 1945). "We understand that a party with this, or some similar name was formed in Spain. Another Catholic group arose to oppose these 'liberal Catholics,' and appeal to the Vatican to support them in their opposition. From Rome, however, came an interesting answer:

> No Catholic would accuse any person of being a lax Catholic for the sole reason that he belongs to a party that styles itself "Liberal Catholic," although this name is repugnant to many and it would be better not to employ it. . . . Let acts and doctrines be attacked that are reprehensible, whenever they appear, no matter to what party their authors belong. Whatever is good and honorable in the sayings or doings of the members of any party, especially of those in authority, can and ought to be supported and approved of by all who pride themselves on being good Catholics and good citizens. . . . If we love our religion and our country, a foregone conclusion to oppose and to hold aloof from all who call themselves liberal Catholics cannot be determined upon.

"This was reported in the second issue of *America,* April 24, 1909 . . ."

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Two Poems

Weredale Park

You were woodland once and now are a postal number
the most exclusive and desirable little piece of real estate
in the province
and who but I unpicaresque wanderer will declare your
value
and who will deliver from the noonday stillness your
secret?
Say I am young and that in you I discover the true
romance
or that I am old but it is always the same romance
to go straight up the avenue turn to the left turn to
to the right *escape*
through the gate of ivory the gate of horn the gate of
sleep and the gate of dream
the good dream the crystallized image I have always known
the house the home the unlatched door in the garden wall
the boy that you were and were not and could not be ever
who went scattering the leaves to school in the honey-
hued morning
and bicycled back in the murmurous dusk to the sapphire
windows
to the house the home the unlatched gate of the garden
vital and without a soul a bird darting across the last ember
of a sun now dead.

And so I return at the end of summer to merge in your
melody
the deciduous late summer blooms and the leaves already
fallen
to sink on the bench beside the one home of the one
companion
by the tree that was old when he lay cradled upstairs in
the house
and the park was a wood
this small happy place that I love and will always love
invisibly peopled
by the phantoms of all the beautiful boys and there were
girls
who knew and determined that the infamous assignment
be kept
the sinister flight against the deathly clouds undertaken
who sailed and circled over a crashing world and smiled
and died in the crash.
Lovely and lovable ghosts! how you people this church
watching the woody crescent at the corner of the terrace
where the heavenly chivalry streams ever and ever up
losing itself aloft in the painted windows
the sun-barred incense of the vaulting above them
and the banners the banners the golden undying syllables
Michael Arthur William Lionel George
sweet was it to live in this place and hard to die
far from this home.

And one poor inarticulate prayer mounts upward as well
and the burning tears for the love unspoken not to be
spoken
that they sleep in perpetual light all the women the
beautiful soldiers
and that you that you little brother their brother my
brother
may find your ineluctable way into the lost garden
and the door unlocked.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Great Serenity of Law

When Adam was young and Eve lay dreamless by him
Each at rest in each,
Obedient to the song within,
The light leaves on the trees
Shone with their kisses
All the long serene unhurried dawn;
The winds as quiet there
As the weight of her hair on his breast,
And dew refreshed the air at noon:
All day was morning then.

When Adam was young he feared not death,
For all things rest within themselves at dawn,
Inviolate, at peace with law,
Withdrawn into the still, unspoken Word,
And light arises from the ground
To drift through dreaming trees;
His life flowed on unmenaced
Changelessly through light,
Like some unurgent owl that tips and flows
Away with the wind.

But Adam grew old and saw eternity
Fall spinning through the years;
He saw the fury of the creatures dying
And saw the question glazing on their eyes;
He knew the colt awakening on the grass
Again must stumble at the end
And bow its heavy head,
But this time found no solace for himself
That all that is ordained
All passes and repasses in the great serenity of law.

LEO CAMP.

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Christmas in Literature

Anne Fremantle

RADIO reminds us annually of the Cratchits, and Charles Dickens is almost as integral a part of the sound and sight of Christmas in twentieth century America as the red-nosed Santa in the store, or the shrill urchins' "Whilst shepherds watched" sung in city streets. But the Christmas carol is only one of Dickens's several Christmases—Mr. Pickwick's Christmas, for example, must not be forgotten—and there is hardly a writer in any language in all Christendom who hasn't tried his or her hand at some story or play or poem on the subject. Just as practically no painter has ever been able to escape the pictorial appeal of the manger. Since every writer pretends to the universal, few have ever refused the general invitation to come to the crib. The call to Calvary or to Easter is no less all-including, but not many in the writing trade — or in any other — get that far. But Christmas, we think, is simple, a cinch, until we bitterly realize, once again, that *omne, quod recipitur, per modum recipientis recipitur.** So, in some eleven hundred and odd years of literary Christmases, we will find all sorts — so many different kinds, indeed, that some classification is required. The reverent, the rollicking; the whimsical, the wistful; the ye-olde and the hard-boiled? But these are but some of the categories into which writers will fall.

Eleven hundred and some years. For the first writer, claiming an assured place in European literature, who deliberately described Christmas, was probably that anonymous monk in the convent of Mimigardo who wrote in 813, in old Saxon, the long alliterative poem, "Heliand." On Christmas day, 800, Charlemagne was crowned Emperor, and with that coronation ended the confusion of the dark ages, and the flowering of the middle ages truly began. To educate the peoples Charlemagne had conquered and Christianized, the monk of Mimigardo wrote the story of our Lord's life, in a very gentle poem for such savage times. "Then the mother took Him in her two hands and lovingly laid the dear little one to rest, the child in the manger, the prince of men. Seated before Him was the mother, and the valiant woman herself waited upon and watched the child.. In her heart, in the soul of the handmaid, there was no doubt."

*Everything that is received, is received to the capacity of the receiver.

From medieval times comes the lovely Christmas legend of the jongleur of our Lady, the poor man who came giftless to the manger, and juggled so well that the Baby laughed and clapped His hands. And in the "Fioretti" of Saint Francis, too, there is a legend of the crêche.

Marie de France, the lovely poetess who was patroness of chivalry, and whose "lais" are first-hand, precious accounts of knightly life and love, wrote exquisitely of Christmas. And in Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" which ends the era of chivalry with nostalgic reminiscence as Marie had greeted its dawn with her April songs, there is mention of Christmas at Camelot. Today still, at Glastonbury, where Queen Guinevere died, Joseph of Arimathea's thorn blossoms unbotanically around December 25.

Roper's life of Saint Thomas More describes Christmas in Chelsea in his father-in-law's delightful family on the eve of the Reformation. The Reformation secularized Christmas. Martin Luther, it is true, wrote a Christmas hymn "Jesulein suess, Jesulein mild," but already for Shakespeare Christmas was myth and memory, rather than miracle and *actualité*, as the French call news. Marcellus's lines in "Hamlet," beginning

> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long

are answered by a doubting, though polite, Horatio: "So have I heard and do in part believe." And Biron, in "Love's Labor Lost," uses Christmas to point a pompous moral:

> At Christmas I no more desire a rose
> Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows

Milton the Puritan wrote his splendid "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," but by 1652 Christmas was abolished in England, and Parliament composed a "terrible Remonstrance against Masse-mongers and Papists who observed it."

It would, however, take something more powerful than the Protectorate Parliament to dispossess seventeen hundred years of delighted piety, and only ten years later, in 1662, Mr. Pepys, though he was too late for Communion, "dined at my wife's bedside with great content, having a mess of brave plum-porridge and a

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roasted pullet for dinner and I sent for a mince pie abroad, my wife not being well enough to make any herself yet." But, though London quickly learned again to love Christmas, its observance never returned to Scotland, where the completely pagan Hogmany (New Year's Day) has entirely superseded Christmas.

★

It was the Restoration that brought in what we think of as the old-fashioned Christmas—the good cheer and jollification. Evelyn's diary, Anthony à Wood, Mrs. Glasse's cookery book, bear out Mr. Pepys's attitude. The eighteenth century is even more gluttonous; Horace Walpole's letter to Horace Mann on Boxing Day, 1748, and Addison's account of Sir Roger de Coverley's Christmas owe little to the Incarnation. The oldest mention of the Christmas tree in English—generally attributed to Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's German princeling husband—is in Mrs. Papendick's Journals for 1789. Washington Irving brought the olde-Englishe Christmas to America with his Christmas at Bracebridge Hall: the blind harper, the pheasant dressed in peacock's feathers (because the old Squire couldn't bear to kill one of his muster of peacocks), the mistletoes archly perilous to pretty housemaids; and the handsome hero who had fought at Waterloo are unforgettably well-written exercises in belles-lettres.

The religious aspect is quite out of fashion when the nineteenth century opens; the romantic, the faery quality appears only to the foreigner: the following extracts from Charles Lamb's letters may give the English flavor. In 1800 he wrote of eating snipe, and said his "curious and epicurean eyes would always take pleasure in beholding a delicate and well-chosen assortment of teals, ortolans, the unctuous and palate-soothing flesh of geese, wild and tame, nightingale's brains, the sensorum of a young suckling pig, or any other Christmas dish." And to Coleridge, in 1818, Lamb complains: "My head begins to clear up a little, but it has had bells in it. I have but one holiday which is Christmas day by itself, nakedly, with no pretty garnish and fringes of St. John's day, Holy Innocents, etc., that used to bestud it all around." To Miss Wordsworth in 1822 he explains: "Monkhouse tapped me on the shoulder with an invitation to cold goose, which I was not bird of that sort enough to decline. I am suffering from the festivities of the season. I wonder how much my misused carcase can hold out." Later still, in 1832, "Christmas too is come, which always puts a rattle into my morning skull. It is a visiting, unquiet, unquakerish season." And he is very rude about the "discourteous hospitality of old Westwood and his thin spouse . . . types of Christmas turned sour, or of Jan. 1st born with teeth and wrinkles, Cordial Illcomes, Not Welcomes, Discompliments of the Season."

Yet it was this same nineteenth century, so coarse and casual in its early observance of Christmas, that was in its later years to do Christmas more proudly in its literature than it had ever before been done. There is something almost pathological in the way this century, the most materialistic of all, the age of the positivists, of Spencer and Renan, of Darwin and Huxley, of Marx and Engels, slobbered over Christmas. The French evasion: *"Je crois, mais ne pratique pas,"* became, *anglicé*: "Of course, my good fellow, I'm not so out of date as to believe, but naturally I keep Christmas." Jettison God, but keep your Christmas tree; deny the Man of Sorrows, but be sweetly pretty about the Babe of Bethlehem. Or, perhaps, was conscience making not cowards, but children's story writers of them all? That they had lost the grace to worship as grown men and women, they secretly served in guise of Christmas tales? *Ex ore infantium?* For there was Thackeray, the cynic, writing "The Mahogany Tree" and "The Rose and the Ring" and, indeed, a whole book full of Christmas tales. And there was George Eliot, the Meliorist, who had sloughed her Christian faith, yet writing of Christmas at the mill on the Floss:

> This Christmas day, in spite of Tom's fresh delight in home, was not, he thought, somehow or other, quite so happy as it had always been before . . . there had been singing under the windows after midnight, supernatural singing, Maggie always felt, in spite of Tom's contemptuous insistence that the singers were old Patch the parish clerk and the rest of the church choir. She trembled with awe when their caroling broke in upon her dreams, and the image of men in fustian clothes was always thrust away by the vision of angels resting on the parted clouds.

Ruskin paid his tribute in "Fors Clavigera"; Trollope his in "Dr. Thorne"; Thomas Hardy paid his both in "The Oxen" and in his "The Thieves Who Couldn't Help Sneezing," and in the scene in "Under the Greenwood Tree" where the singers are going their rounds on Christmas Eve—three fiddles, and a cello "for strings be safe soul-lifters, as far as that do go," four men and seven boy-singers. They serenade the new school teacher. But next morning, at Mellstock Church, the girls also sing and "Shall anything saucier be found than united 'ooman?" the horrorstruck yokels ask each other. Hardy wrote of the Christmas mummers of Eydon, too in "The Return of the Native," and in verse there is his Christmas ghost-story written at the turn of the century (Christmas Eve, 1899) which ends:

> But tarries yet the cause for which He died?

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The Victorian poets all surpassed themselves about Christmas. Tennyson, both in the "Morte d'Arthur" and "In Memoriam"; Longfellow and Lowell; Browning, with his long "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" which contains the ecstatic lines describing his own experience of Christ:

> When the bleacher spreads to seethe it
> In the cleansing sun his wool
> Steeps in the flood of noontide brightness
> Some defiled discolored web
> So lay I, saturate with brightness.

And Christina Rossetti and Francis Thompson brought back the awe that too much good cheer had chased away.

Christmases began also to be pathetic, now. There is Hans Andersen's "Fir-Tree"; and Heine's great poem on the three kings; there is poor Cosette in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." The little eight-year-old has been sent by the odious Madame Thénadier to fetch water at the other end of the village in an enormous bucket. She passes by the open-air shops, festively decked. In one is a doll, nearly two feet high, dressed in a pink crêpe gown, with golden wheat ears in her hair, which was real hair. She had enamel eyes. Not a mother in Montfermeil was rich enough, or extravagant enough, to give it to their child. Cosette, shivering in her rags, is in ecstasy before the doll, then goes on into the dark, and loses at the fountain the fifteen sous she had been given to buy bread. The iron handle swells and freezes her small hands, she is splashed with icy water at every step. Her rescue is almost unconscionably long coming, and when at last she escapes with Jean Valjean, even the reader hardly feels safe.

Another pathetic Christmas is that which opens "Little Women." Who has forgotten the four good, gay girls and their gallant mother; the breakfast taken to the poor immigrants, the supper young Laurence's grandfather sends over from the Big House; Meg's *eau-de-cologne,* or Beth's hankies?

But perhaps the most pathetic of all—and one of the funniest too—is poor Edmund Gosse's Christmas of 1857. He describes it in his autobiography, "Father and Son." His parents were Plymouth Brethren (Close) and after his mother's death his father:

> would denounce the horrors of Christmas until it almost made me blush to look at a holly-berry. On Christmas day our villa saw a very unusual sight. My father had given the strictest charge that no difference whatever was to be made in our meals on that day; the dinner was to be neither more copious than usual nor less so. He was obeyed, but the servants, secretly rebellious, made a small plum pudding for themselves (I discovered afterwards, with pain, that Miss Marks, the governess, had received a slice in her boudoir). Early in the afternoon the maids kindly remarked that "the poor dear child ought to have a bit anyhow" and wheedled me into the kitchen where I ate a slice. Shortly I began to feel that pain inside which in my frail state was inevitable, and my conscience smote me violently. At length I could bear my spiritual anguish no longer, and bursting into the study I called out, "O, papa, papa, I have eaten of flesh offered to idols." It took some time, between my sobs, to explain what had happened, then my father sternly said, "Where is the accursed thing?" I explained that as much as was left was on the kitchen table. He took me by the hand and ran with me into the midst of the startled servants, seized what remained of the pudding, and with the plate in one hand and me still tight in the other, ran till we reached the dustheap, when he flung the idolatrous confectionery onto the middle of the ashes, and then raked it deep down into the mass.

Two of Tolstoy's best stories, "Where Love Is, God Is" and "What Men Live By," are about Christmas, and one of the most touching scenes in "War and Peace" is Christmas at Otradnoe.

> Christmas came and except for the ceremonial Mass, the solemn and wearisome Christmas congratulations from neighbors and servants and the new dresses everyone put on, there were no special festivities though the calm frost of 13 degrees below zero, the dazzling sunshine by day, and the starlight winter nights seemed to call for some special celebrations of the season. On the third day of Christmas week, after the midday dinner, all the inmates of the house were dispersed to various rooms. It was the dullest time of day.

Natasha goes up to her mother, and stands by her, staring. Her mother begs her to sit beside her, but Natasha breaks down: "Mama, I want him. Why should I be wasted like this?" She bursts into tears, and then wanders all over the house, interrupting everyone, the maids, the footmen, reviewing her empire, which she finds submissive but dull. She orders a cock and grains to be brought to tell fortunes; asks the buffoon what sort of children she'll have, to which he replies: "Why, fleas, crickets, grasshoppers." She wanders down to the tea-table, but cannot stand it, for Prince Andrei is not there. Again, she demands of her mother with sobs, "Give him to me, give him, Mama, quickly, quickly." After tea the servants bring the cock. "It isn't wanted, tell them to take it away," Natasha says.

Walter Pater, in his "Marius the Epicurean" —probably the best novel about a conversion ever written—has described Christmas in early Christian times, as seen by a young Roman. "It was the anniversary of his birth as a little child they celebrated today," it begins, and tells of "the image of the young man giving up voluntarily one by one for the greatest of ends the greatest gifts, actually parting with himself, above all, with the serenity, the divine serenity, of his own soul."

With the twentieth century the tough Christmas begins. Stevenson's "Misadventures of John Nicholson"—a Scottish-American piece; Bret Harte's "How Christmas Came to Simpson's Bar"

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with its "man called Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinaman," had many successors. Wistful Christmases abound too: Moley's in Kenneth Graham's "The Wind in the Willows"; J. M. Barrie's characteristic piece; the Christmas in "Death Comes for the Archbishop," and Selma Lagerlöf's legend of the Christmas Rose are successful examples. Edna Ferber has done one good Christmas, and Christopher Morley many lovely Christmas pieces—his "Christmas Cards" is specially good. Daphne du Maurier, Humbert Wolfe and Eleanor Roosevelt are others who couldn't keep their pens away from the subject, and Mrs. Miniver's "Three stockings" O, *so* quickly found its way into all the Christmas anthologies.

The funniest Christmases are in Max Beerbohm's "Christmas Garland," and, of course, in Saki's stories. There is Reginald's awful Christmas at Mrs. Babwold's, for example. "She was a sort of to-be-left-until-called-for cousin" who filled her draughty hall with Japanese fans and Chinese lanterns to give an old English effect. The best Christmas Bertie spent is another masterpiece—when he locks his host and fellow guests into the stable that they may hear the Alderney cows talk, whilst he helps himself and late wassailers to the champagne *and* the hock.

So long as Christmas is celebrated and literature is written there will be new Christmases in literature to add to these, and to the countless others that abound in all languages. For, as the Roman proverb quoted by Camden in 1605 has it, "Christmasse comes but once a year" and is a challenge, once at least in a lifetime, to every pen, pencil, typewriter, dictaphone and mike.

The Child Who Never Grew Up

John J. Barry

"KNOW you what it is to be a child?" asks Francis Thompson in his essay on Shelley. "It is to be something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space."

How well Thompson knew the heart of childhood, the dream-time when thought runs riot and brings many things, great and small, within the compass of the child's imagination. It is a period all too short, and at times made shorter by the child's eagerness to take on the responsibilities of life. "Full soon," writes Wordsworth of the child,

> . . . thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
> And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
> Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

It was not so with Thompson. For he was always a child with the faculty of make-believe "raised to the *n*th power." There was no eager desire on his part to plunge into boyhood, where men to be are fashioned and their characters molded in the give and take of daily strife. His sensitive nature recoiled on contact with the world and forced him to flee into "the tower of his own soul" and raise the drawbridge. Even after days of childhood had long passed, he found it extremely difficult to associate with boys of his own age. He feared their rough and tumble manner of play, their teasing, and their seemingly brutal antagonism. His inability to fit into the play of other boys arrayed them against him. They found special delight in tormenting him and he was helpless to defend himself. What was fun for them was torture to him. His only safety lay in flight to his home where a doting mother and two sisters showered him with love and affection. Convinced that boys were naturally brutal, he wrote these words in his note-book: "If a boy were let into Heaven, he would chase the little angels to pluck the feathers out of their wings."

In most cases, however, time and conflict mold even the most sensitive boy into a rugged individual, fully capable of defending himself, physically or diplomatically. This was not true of Thompson. He never lost his sensitiveness. It pursued him with the same tenacity that a hound pursues its prey. As a consequence, he found refuge in the very thing most boys fear—being left alone.

This is sensitive childhood's manner of fleeing the hard practicality of life. Running away from difficulties is not praiseworthy in the child or the man. Life must be faced courageously, its problems solved, its difficulties overcome. Only leisure moments are allotted to the luxury of basking in the realm of the imagination. Thompson

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believed that he could not meet the problems of life. He fled from them and they pursued him relentlessly, even to the slums of London. In this "nightmare-time" of his existence, which, he said, forever haunted his dreams, he shunned the brutal life which surrounded him. In spite of the hardships, terrible and excruciating to his sensitive nature, he held fast to his dreams and childhood fancies. They saved him from despair.

It was a vagabond life he led in the slums, but free from definite responsibilities. The many hardships he endured, however, were greater by far than the responsibilities he would have assumed had he learned in youth to solve life's problems. His addition to drugs added to his misery. The habit, however, stimulated his mind and helped him to escape in spirit from the cold, hard streets of London to his make-believe world of dreams and fairies.

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Unusual is the story of Francis Thompson. It is the story of a man who failed to put away the things of a child. He writes of himself: "There is a sense in which I have always been and even now remain a child. But in another sense I never was a child, never shared children's thoughts, ways, tastes, manner of life, and outlook of life. I played, but my sport was solitary sport, even when I played with my sisters; from the time I began to read (about my sixth year) the game often (I think) meant one thing to me, and another (quite another) to them—my side of the game was part of a dream-scheme invisible to them. And from boys, with their hard practical objectivity of play, I was tenfold wider apart than from girls with their partial capacity and habit of make-believe."

Years later he wrote in a note-book that "he did not want responsibility, did not want to be a man. Toys I could surrender, with chagrin, so I had my great toy of imagination whereby the world became to me my box of toys." It is strange that a grown man should make such a confession. Yet it reveals a characteristic in his make-up that had a paradoxical ending—it ruined his life, but it made him a poet. He dodged responsibility to play with his "box of toys" in the playroom of his imagination. Here he fashioned his dreams into beautiful poems. Most of them, from the awe-inspiring "Hound of Heaven" to simple "Little Jesus," reveal a child's love for beauty and wonder.

In a charming essay on dolls, whom he calls "The Fourth Order of Humanity," he gives a very intimate picture of himself at play in the happy days of childhood. It is not the kind of play that appeals to boys, even to very young boys, for any association with dolls would merit only contempt from other members of their sex.

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His playing, however, with these "short-lived parasites of the nursery," as he called them, was on a plane above the reaches of childhood. "I dramatized them," he wrote, "I fell in love with them; I did not father them. . . . One in particular I selected, one with surpassing fairness crowned, and bowed before the fourteen inches of her skirt. She was beautiful. She was one of Shakespeare's heroines. She was an amity of inter-removed miracles; all wrangling excellencies at pact in one sole doll; the frontiers of jealous virtues marched in her, yet trespassed not against her peace; and her gracious gift of silence I have not known in women. I desired for her some worthy name; and asked my mother: Who was the fairest among living women? Laughingly was I answered that I was a hard questioner, but that perhaps the Empress of the French bore the bell for beauty. Hence, accordingly, my Princess of puppetdom received her style; and at this hour, though she has long since vanished to some realm where all sawdust is wiped for ever from dolls' wounds, I cannot hear that name but the Past touches me with a rigid agglomeration of small china fingers."

To fall in love with a doll is a privilege proper to childhood. Thompson claimed it for he was always a child. Even after he had reached early manhood, he admitted that he fell in love with a statue in an art gallery. It was not the love that an artist reveals for a thing of beauty, but rather a love for a statue which his childlike imagination invested with life and with a personality that baffled him. He confessed that during the period of this romance he went to the gallery every evening, as twilight fell, "to meditate and worship the baffling mysteries of her meaning." She had lovely "eyes of violet blue" which, he said, never looked at him but gazed beyond him, eagerly waiting for something that never came.

In spite of her haughty demeanor and apparent ignorance of his presence, Thompson said that he was content, "for by such tenure of unnoticedness I knew that I held my privilege to worship: had she beheld me, she would have denied, have contemned my gaze. Between us, now, are years and tears: but the years waste her not, and the tears wet her not; neither misses she me or any man. There, I think, she is standing yet; there, I think, she will stand for ever . . . awaiting a divine thing impossible, which can never come to her, and she knows this not."

Although he was a man when he wrote these reminiscences of childhood, he defends his "blushing recital" of his puppet loves by stating that after all "men are but children of a larger growth." He implies that they, too, sometimes play with the things that belong to children, but they play with them not as a child plays, but as a man whose imagination lifts them into a realm where reality and unreality meet on common ground.

It was this ability to reach back into the years of childhood and recapture its whims, caprices and dreams that enabled Thompson to write so tenderly about children. Yet he is not children's poet. He is rather a poet who writes about children for adults. It is one thing to know childhood, but quite another to write down to the level of a child's mind. With all his intimacy with childhood, Thompson could not write simply about it.

In answer to critics who complained of this failure to write for children, he defended himself in these words: "Childhood is tragic to me. And then critics complain that I do not write 'simply' about it. O fools! as if there was anything more complex, held closer to the heart of mystery, than its contemplation."

He explains this tragic element in childhood by stating that grown people often cause it by failing to realize the sensitive nature of the child. Incidents that may appear insignificant or even humorous to adults, may be tragic to the child. They often regard children's griefs as little. They "are little," says Thompson, but "so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision."

He adds that this failure to appreciate children's griefs is evident not only in individual cases, but also in social work where large numbers are involved. Civil authorities, whose duty it is to care for children, occasionally neglect their duty or perform it with such routine that sympathy and understanding play no part in their work. In his review of General Booth's book, "In Darkest England," Thompson reveals the terrible consequences of neglected social work. He presents a tragic picture of the blighted lives of little children in the slums of London. It is here, he writes, "where flowers are sold and women," that the children "are brought up in sin from their cradles, that they know evil before they know good, that the boys are ruffians and profligates, the girls harlots in the mother's womb. This, to me the most nightmarish idea in all the nightmare of those poor little lives, I have never been able to perceive that people had any true grasp on. And having mentioned it, though it is a subject very near my heart, I will say no more; nor enforce it, as I might well do, from my own sad knowledge."

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Part of his own "nightmarish" existence in London's slums he has revealed in his children's poetry. Indirectly he implies that he was driven there by the failure of adults to understand him. His sensitive nature craved for sympathy. His mother and sisters understood and sympathized with him. When his mother died and his sisters

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went away to school, Thompson felt that he had been abandoned. To add to his abandonment, his desire to become a priest was frustrated by school authorities who believed that he was not fitted for the clerical state. Had his father been able to sympathize with the strange nature of his son, a tragedy might have been averted. It was not that the father was unkind. He was a practical man, a doctor, who was eager to help his son adjust his life to meet life's problems. He believed that since Francis had failed in the attainment of the highest earthly calling, he should now follow one of the noblest professions, medicine. The fact that the boy was not fitted by nature or temperament to be a doctor, did not occur to the father. Obedient, however, to his father's command, Francis began his medical studies. Failure followed failure, and antagonism mounted between father and son. Sharp words and serious accusations followed. As a consequence Francis left home, leaving a note that he had gone to London. Here he wandered aimlessly, like a child lost in a big city. Unable to adjust himself to the task of earning a living, he gradually drifted down the various levels of life until misfortune drew him to the deepest of London's slums.

His only solace in the wasted years of his existence in the slums were two small books which he carried in the pockets of his ragged coat, Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and the plays of Aeschylus. They fed his imagination and offered him an escape from the sordid life about him. When they failed, he resorted to opium.

Thompson's rescue by Wilfrid and Alice Meynell forms one of the stirring episodes in literary history. He was ragged, ill, despondent when they found him, but their hospitality and solicitude gradually helped to restore his health. The eight Meynell children played a great part in his recovery. They invited him to participate in their games and to take long walks with them. They showered him with attention and love until, as he said, the heavy sadness of his soul lifted, and "joy, like a mew sea-rocked apart, tossed on the waves of his troubled heart."

His appreciation for this kindness found expression in the poems which he wrote for them and about them. He caught their love, innocence and inspiration in the delicate fabric of his verse. In so doing he mirrored much of his own childhood with its faded dreams and shattered hopes. Had he written more about children the world would have learned to know him better, and would have better appreciated his "Hound of Heaven" in which his childlike faculty of make-believe is strikingly expressed.

Thanks to the Meynells for their kindness to Thompson. They gave the world a poet when they drew him from the slums and harbored him

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in their home. Thanks to their little children who enkindled the poetic fire in the heart of this derelict, and beautiful thoughts, long dormant, flashed into verse that startled England. Even Doctor Thompson was charmed by his son's poetry. Too late did he realize his failure to understand the poetic nature of his son. "If the lad had only told me!" he remarked sadly to an intimate friend. The latter might have answered that perhaps it took a father's misunderstanding, a son's sensitive nature, adversity, the slums, and the Meynells to fashion the poetic soul of Francis Thompson, the poet who clung desperately to his childhood dreams and fancies.

Books of the Year

The Editors

NATURALLY the transition from war to a troubled peace has hardly had time to be reflected in books. Nonetheless, for some reason, this year's titles seem to present a range, color and a feeling of hope which were less apparent when the peoples of the world were intent solely upon the grim task of mutual destruction.

Fiction—In many ways the most interesting novel of the year for Catholics, and for a number of others, came out during the summer: "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith," by Bruce Marshall (Houghton, $2.50). It is hardly a *magnum opus,* but it is witty, humane, all-embracing in its sympathies, and, when the occasion calls for it, profound. It deals with eternal verities yet the story unfolds with a consummate ease. The most grand manner of the season's novels is a Soviet one, "Days and Nights," by Konstantin Simonov (S & S, $2.75). It tells of the terrible defense of Stalingrad with an almost epic sweep; heroism enables the Russian soldiers to rise above the horrors which are all about them. There are two novels by old hands at satirizing the American scene. John P. Marquand's "Repent in Haste" (Little, $1.50) is a brief narrative which manages to paint most dismally the young people who were caught up in this war; "Cass Timberlane," widely hailed as Sinclair Lewis's best in years (Random, $2.75), deals with more mature people in an adult way.

For sheer charm of a somewhat special sort is Jessamyn West's "The Friendly Persuasion" (Harcourt, $2.50), a simple, direct account of a Quaker childhood in the country. "My Felicia," by Paul Driscoll (Macmillan, $2.50), is a promising first novel which deals with Polish American young people in a New England factory town and their relations with the proud descendants of our founding fathers. Particularly amusing is Rachel Meisenhelder's Pennsylvania Dutch "God Bless Our Aunts" (Whittlesey, $2.50).

An able collection of short stories, combining local color with a real artistic touch, is found in Caroline Gordon's "The Forest of the South" (Scribners, $3.50). Quite in contrast for its variety is Sister Mariella Gable's "Our Father's House" (Sheed, $3.00), a series of short stories by a number of prominent authors dealing with specifically Catholic or intensely religious themes. A most impressive gift book, beautifully printed and illustrated, is "Russian Fairy Tales" (Pantheon, $7.50). For fans of Maurice Walsh, and this time for devotees of grisly murder tales, there is "Nine Strings to Your Bow" (Lippincott, $2.00). Finally, for sheer escape of a not completely comforting sort, there is Adolfo Costa du Rels's "Bewitched Lands" (Knopf, $2.50) which conjures up the baleful, seductive magic of the remote Bolivian Chaco.

Biography—The long toll of the war seems at last to have caught up with the field of biography, which up to now has been marked by greater distinction than any other general publishing category. This year there are not only fewer lives to recommend with acclaim but also less can be said for the headliners. One of the real contributions of the year has been the compiling and editing by Carl Van Doren of "Benjamin Franklin's Autobiographical Writings" (Viking, $5.00). It is remarkable how many hitherto unpublished comments he has unearthed. Frank Graham's "Al Smith—American" (Putnam, $2.50) is an extremely simple, personal and penetrating little study with little or no political overtone. It is extremely convincing. Another intriguing life story of an American, one who settled in distant lands, is John B. Powell's "My Twenty-Five Years in China" (Macmillan, $3.50).

In honor of the occasion of Cardinal Newman's hundredth anniversary as a Catholic two biographies were published this fall. John Moody's "John Henry Newman" (Sheed, $3.75) is the more popular of the two, being an informal account of Newman's life as an Anglican and as a Catholic based on the best sources. "John Henry Newman," by Charles Frederick Harrold (Longmans, $3.50), is much less a life story than it is a scholarly analysis by an objective non-Catholic of Newman's principal writings and ideas. Of unusual charm and attractiveness, despite its inevitable tragic ending, is M. V. Woodgate's "Pascal and His Sister Jacqueline" (Herder, $2.00). Not only does it arouse the liveliest sympathy for the Pascals, but it brings a new understanding of some of the noble men and women who were most influential at Jansenist Port Royal. Raïssa Maritain con-

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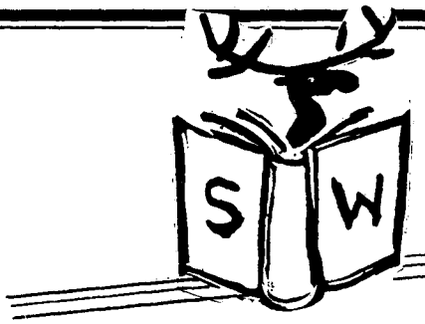

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tinues the inspiring story of her life in France in "Adventures in Grace" (Longmans, $2.75). There is also an enthusiastic and understanding study of the gentle Saint Philip Neri: "Mystic in Motley," by Theodore Maynard (Bruce, $2.50).

Several of the best biographies this year are on the lighter side. One of the most charming, particularly for anyone who is blessed with any regular relationship to an Armenian restaurant, is the autobiographical "I Ask You Ladies and Gentlemen," by Leon Z. Surmelian (Dutton, $2.75). Gertrude Lawrence's "A Star Danced" (Doubleday, $2.50) is also delightful reading, peppered as it is with allusions to people whom the papers write about. It is genial in tone. A more substantial and even more charming study is "Tolstoy and His Wife," by Tikhon Polner (Norton, $2.75), while those who are looking for something of a more hilarious cast should like "Wheels in His Head," by M. M. Musselman (Whittlesey, $2.50). For those who might be fascinated by the perils of a revolutionary career in Czarist Russia, there is David John Footman's "Red Prelude" (Yale, $2.75).

The War—During the conflict itself, THE COMMONWEAL placed little emphasis on war books as gifts. Now that it is over, war books of a certain sort make less painful reading. They are often quite illuminating. Here are a few of the most interesting recent titles which might make acceptable gifts.

HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II. *Francis Trevelyan Miller (Winston,* $5.00).
U. S. CAMERA ANNUAL 1946—*U. S. at War (Duell,* $4.50).
GENERAL MARSHALL'S REPORT (*S. & S. paper* $1.00; *Reynal cloth* $2.50).
CHUNGKING LISTENING POST. *Mark Tennien (Creative,* $2.50).
INSIDE ROME WITH THE GERMANS. *Jane Scrivener (Macmillan,* $2.50).
WARTIME MISSION IN SPAIN, *Carlton J. H. Hayes (Macmillan,* $3.00).
OIL AND DEEP WATER. *Kaj Klitgaard (North Carolina,* $2.50).

Good War Correspondence

THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN. *Robert Casey (Bobbs,* $3.00).
PERSIAN GULF COMMAND. *Joel Sayre (Random,* $2.00).
LOST CONTINENT. *Noel Busch (Harper,* $2.50).

Music—Among recent books on music and musicians one stands out with great authority. The late Sir Donald Tovey's "Beethoven" (Oxford, $3.00) is an extremely formal account of Beethoven's compositions and his approach to musical thought. It is pretty much for specialists. "Musical Instruments: Their History in Western Culture from the Stone Age to the Present," by Karl Geiringer (Oxford, $4.00): for anyone who happens to combine (as we do) an amateur's interest in music with the type of curiosity that dotes casually on etymologies, this book is ideal. Mr. Geiringer's accounts, usually in brief paragraph form, are lucid, un-pedantic and informative. An added attraction is the reproduction of paintings and prints showing the use of some of the older instruments. "The Bach Reader," edited by Hans T. David and Arthur Mendel (Norton, $6.00), is a vast collection of documents, illustrations and oddities concerning the magnificent Bach. A delightful gift book for his admirers. A distinguished musical critic who for many years covered the opera and concerts in Vienna has written a volume of souvenirs, and since Vienna has been murdered three or four times, but perhaps is not yet dead, his memories have a certain charm: "Legend of a Musical City" (Max Graf, Philosophical, $3.00). For those interested in Schumann—his works are being widely played and have been receiving more appreciation recently—"Florestan" by Robert Haven Schauffler (Holt, $3.75) is a work which embodies vast research.

Belles Lettres—The best-looking of these books, incomparably, is the Pantheon Press's "Romance of Tristan and Iseult" ($3.50) which is a gift-book in the old, pre-first World War style, when once a year the bookshops were gay with books that were physically a pleasure to handle as drinking coffee is pleasant from a Sèvres cup. The Bédier text, delightfully translated by Belloc, is magnificently illustrated by Joep Nicholas, and to read one of the world's greatest love-stories so well-appareled gives the same sort of delight as to see one's best girl beautifully dressed.

Malcolm Cowley and Hannah Josephson have written an interesting essay on the great poet of the French Resistance, Louis Aragon ("Aragon," Duell, Sloan and Pierce, $2.00) His two volumes "Crevecoeur" and "Les Yeux d'Elsa," published in France during the German occupation, gave spiritual succor to the Allies. Since the war Aragon has fallen back into political (Communist) propaganda verse. Much of Aragon's work, smuggled over from France, appeared in the English monthly "Horizon," but this is the first study of Aragon to appear in the English language.

America's own most famous war-poet speaks for himself in his already well-known "Essay on Rime" (Reynal, $2.00) that Karl Shapiro wrote whilst fighting, during those long (but not long enough) periods of intense boredom that alternate with the intenser periods of fear. It is probably the most important summing up of the present position of poetry that has appeared since A. E. Housman's "Name and Nature of Poetry."

"The Trollopes" by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins (Columbia, $4.00) contains much invaluable biographical material, and, from the historical viewpoint is highly commendable. With the writers' rather sweeping literary judgments it is not always possible to concur, but this is a serious study, and a mine of material for future quarriers. As literary criticism, it would be hard to better Joan Bennett's "Virginia Woolf" (Harcourt, $2.00) which studies each of the latter's eight novels against her philosophy and in the radiant ambiance of her life. Henry James is inevitable, these days; from being a highbrow perquisite enjoyed as a choice liqueur he is become subway straphangers' reading, and "Question of Henry James," edited by F. W. Dupee (Holt, $3.75) gives some of the reasons for the transfiguration of the elderly expatriate. "The

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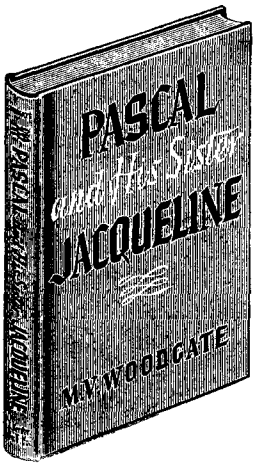

PASCAL
and his sister
JACQUELINE

by

M. V. WOODGATE

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Blaise Pascal was for a while swept into the current of Jansenism and even wrote brilliantly in its defense. But his sincere religious spirit prompted his eventual and wholehearted submission to Holy Mother Church.

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Here we have a prodigy in the fields of mathematics and physics, who despised poetry; and his sister, with a precocious flair for verse-making, who found mathematics and science dry and uninteresting. However, this divergence of tastes did not weaken the bond of their mutual affection.

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Crack-Up" (New Directions, $3.50) is for fans of the late Scott Fitgerald—that great exponent of what Dorothy Parker called the "false-hair-on-the-chest-school."

Logan Pearsall Smith is another expatriate. This brother of Bertrand Russell's first wife has lived almost all his life in London where he has a small, but devoted following. His "All Trivia" (Harcourt, $2.50) will introduce to many people an author whose nearest ancestor is, perhaps Balthasar Gracian, the seventeenth century author of "The Art of Worldly Wisdom."

Shiela Kaye-Smith needs no introduction to Catholic readers. Her "Kitchen Fugue" (Harper, $2.75) produced under blitz conditions, amongst robots and V-2's, is serene and witty, and shows her to be all the better for being bombed. She is of the essence of England, and it is amusing to contrast her with some of the authors in "America Is West" (edited by John T. Flanagan, Minnesota, $3.75) who are mainly representative of an America that owes nothing to England—of an America that doesn't "speak the same language" or curtsey in the same silences.

Poetry—Richard Eberhart and Selden Rodman edit an anthology "War and the Poet" (Devin, $3.50) and it is a good thing that they are not thinking of this war only and of the poets who have written about this war. The poets wrote better about the last war, and still better (Shakespeare) about earlier wars, and even the Greeks wrote epitaphs for warriors dead in their wars. Perhaps our poets will write something sooner or later that will be wonderful but they cannot have the innocent attitude —which loved war or hated war—of the poets in the past, and it is certainly very difficult to hope much from them. This collection is remarkably excellent and profoundly stimulating. For those of us who do not desire for the moment to face indignation, love, pity and grandeur—for who now is not tired?—there is in "What Cheer" edited by David McCord (Coward, $3.50) an admirable volume of lighter verse. It is almost easier to allow the fact that man, century after century, is always brave than the fact equally true that he is so often witty. You have the wars and you have the wit. In this book you have the best of the wit that has found form in rhyme; you also have a witty editor both in his preface and in a long series of casual and informative notes. And then there are two poets, Franz Werfel and Charles Péguy. Werfel, best known as a novelist, made his first German reputation as a poet. His "Poems" (Princeton, $2.00) are now published in German and English face to face. They will interest those of us—most of us—who know only his prose. In "God Speaks" (Pantheon, $1.50) the extracts from Péguy's poetical works which appeared, together with prose selections, in "Men and Saints" and "Basic Verities," published also by Pantheon, appear now, English version alone, in pocket form. These admirable selections from Péguy's long poems, are of course some of the most beautiful Christian poetry ever written.

Art—Once again this year Pantheon has the most original and delightful of art books. A review copy of "Artists on Art," edited by Robert Goldwater and Marco Treves (Pantheon, $4.50) reached us and at once had to be concealed from a procession of reviewers who wanted to take it home. It is that kind of book. Here are brief extracts from all manner of artists from the fourteenth century to the present. The great Frenchman, Bonnard is quoted as saying that "one repents having written succinct and lapidary phrases upon art," but no one regrets that artists have spoken so often on a subject which absurdly is considered the domain of critics. After all it is just possible that artists know what they are doing and what they are trying to do. Constable, quoted also in the introduction, has an almost pitiful anxiety: "I am anxious that the world should be inclined to look to painters for information on painting." All the great men are in this book saying most interesting things; there are very numerous and excellent illustrations (100); a wonderful gift book but certainly not one of the kind that look pretty when you are unwrapping the presents—and then are put away. This is a serious book and one to meditate upon. Pantheon also has another of its portfolios: "Hunting and Fishing"—twenty-four photogravure reproductions of Daumier's marvelous lithographs (Pantheon, $5.50). Edward Alden Jewell has written a "Rouault" (Duell, $3.00) which is an interesting study of a painter whose stature is now finally established. And as usual this season some *New Yorker* artists—for they are artists all right—are again in book form. Mary Petty, so precise and clean and imaginative, brings out "This Petty Pace" (Knopf, $3.50) and defines forever the figures of American baroque bourgeoisie. A wonderful job; a wonderful artist. "Who's Paying for This Cab?" (S & S, $2.50) is Alan Dunn's contribution. Anyone who saw his extraordinary *New Yorker* cover (September 8, 1945) of a returning troop ship with the heads of the men looking out of the portholes at a mauve and blue sky over the bay, and the Statue of Liberty just a minute stroke of green in the distance, will know his sense of design and his tenderness. This tenderness is always there in all his humor. He is most unlike Mary Petty; they both are artists.

Miscellaneous—We do not like the term "gift book" because it is usually something with pictures in it, an inordinate amount of gold on the binding, and a genteel text, that is given (out of desperation) and not long retained.

The following books fits certain tastes:

For those who live in ugly houses: "The Mansions of Virginia," Thomas T. Waterman (North Carolina, $10.00), and "Plantation Parade," Harnett T. Kane (Morrow, $3.50). Studies in contrast. *For those whose nostalgia for Europe incredibly may have survived the war:* "The Western Island or the Great Blasket," Robin Flower (Oxford, $2.50). The Great Blasket is that tiny rock of an island that lies off the tip of Kerry. Mr. Flower writes beautifully about it. "Lovely Is the Lee" by Robert Gibbings (Dutton, $3.00) travels widely through Ireland with digressions, stories, description. It,

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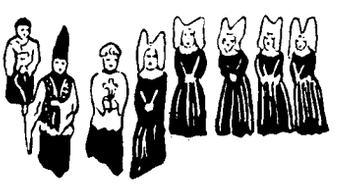

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too, is enchantingly written. Florence Gillian's "France" (Dutton, $2.50) looks back at much that is lost, intelligently and with love.

For those in cities who forget that elsewhere there are birds, trees and grapes: "Ducks Came Back" by S. Kip Farrington, Jr. (Coward, $5.00)—the story of game preservation, a laudable and civilized effort presently endangered by DDT. "Trees, Shrubs and Vines of the Northeastern United States" by George Graves (Oxford, $3.00) has fine illustrations and a text concerning these manifestations of nature. "Grapes—Wine from Home Vineyards" (U. P. Hedrick, Oxford, $3.50) instead of wine from factories, and it would be pleasant indeed to go out and plant a vineyard.

For a certain number of American soldiers who thought the place terrible: "An Artist Sees Alaska" by Henry Varnum Poor (Viking, $3.50). *For those who love to watch the trains go by (for practically all Americans):* "Highball: A Pageant of Trains" by Lucius Beebe (Appleton, $6.00).

Religion and Philosophy—There is always a certain hesitation in recommending works of a strictly devotional character, since tastes vary so greatly in this field. But it is safe to suggest the giving of books which through the centuries have come to be accepted as classics of religious expression and poetry. This year the Newman Book Shop makes available to American readers E. Allison Peers's translation of the complete works of Saint John of the Cross (two volumes, $12.00). This great Spanish mystic might prove rather tough going for the ordinary person, but for anyone you know to be interested in the mystical life, here is the perfect gift. The Christian attitude toward life's problems is well discussed in Don Luigi Sturzo's "Spiritual Problems of Our Times" (Longmans, $2.00) and in Gerald Vann's "The Heart of Man" (Longmans, $2.00), from the latter of which we published an excerpt as an "Inner Forum" some weeks ago. Those who are greatly interested in the liturgy will welcome Donald Attwater's "Eastern Catholic Worship," which contains many of the formularies used in the Eastern Rites translated into English (Devin, $2.50). It magnificently documents the "austerity" of the Roman Rite, an attribute which must seem strange to evangelical Protestants who are so likely to view the Latin Mass as excessively ceremonious. It is of interest that this book has a great appeal for Protestants, perhaps precisely on account of the austerity of their own ceremonies. A full account of the part played by chaplains in the second world conflict is given in "Soldiers of God" by Christopher Cross in collaboration with Major General W. R. Arnold (Dutton, $2.75). Two collections of saints' lives—or rather, of essays on saints—are offered this year. One ("Pillars of the Church," Theodore Maynard, Longmans, $3.00) is written from a specfically Catholic point of view and includes chapters on obviously "important" figures—Saint Benedict, Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Dominic—as well as on others whose importance we cannot be so sure of—the Venerable Bede and Mother Cabrini. But for Sanctity, "importance" in the historical sense is inconsequential. René Fülöp-Miller's "The Saints That Moved the World" (Crowell, $3.50) is strangely mis-titled. Surely "Saints Who Moved the World" would have been more precise—to say nothing of being better English. For Anthony, Augustine, Ignatius, Francis and Theresa are certainly not the only saints who left a deep mark on human history. The author sees in each of these five a special and different trait of holiness, shared by them all, but preeminently exemplified in one: thus Ignatius is the "Saint of Will Power." Mr. Fülöp-Miller is far from being a Catholic, yet his book will interest Catholics especially, since it is the view of one outside-looking-in, and looking in with sympathy and respect. Indeed we find here a degree of admiration for the Society of Jesus which even some Catholics—and there are bishops and priests among them—would regard as exaggerated. What Mr. Fülöp-Miller admires them for is the very thing which they themselves would certainly view as minor—their worldly success.

Very little has been published pertaining to philosophy which one could recommend as a gift. Aldous Huxley's "The Perennial Philosophy" (Harper, $3.00) is not what you would think it is, since it in fact deals with mysticism, comparing the various forms the mystical experience has taken among Christians and non-Christians. The book is admirable, but of course is not written from a strictly doctrinal point of view as, let us assume, Maritain might have written it, and as he dealt with the same subject in one chapter of "Ransoming the Time." Finally, a dollar "Catholic Calendar" has been made available (Essential Books—Duell) which is nice for its pictures, though it is unaccountably unliturgical.

History—In view of widespread discussion of the meanings of the word "liberal," one of this year's historical studies is especially to be recommended. It is "The Liberal Tradition" by William Aylott Orton (Yale, $3.50). For it is impossible to understand what the argument is all about without considerable historical knowledge. A reading of this book will clarify many minds. Attention might likewise be called to a slightly older volume (published in 1944), "The Church and the Liberal Society" by Emmet John Hughes (Princeton, $3.50).

For those who like English history, "Years of Victory, 1802-1812," Arthur Bryant (Harper, $4.00), will prove exciting. It is a detailed study of the most formative years of the modern British Empire. A similar study in the history of our own country is "The Age of Jackson," Arthur M. Schlesinger (Little, $5.00). It is clearly the most important book of this sort this year. History centered on the people who make it is perennially absorbing. Such is "Lincoln the President" by J. G. Randall (two volumes, Dodd, $7.50). This is the first biographical study of Lincoln by a "professional" historian, and it is a great deal more than a biography. Those currently excited about Pearl Harbor will find it more than revealing. A similar special study is "Elizabeth and Leicester" by Milton Waldman (Houghton, $3.50) which deals with an

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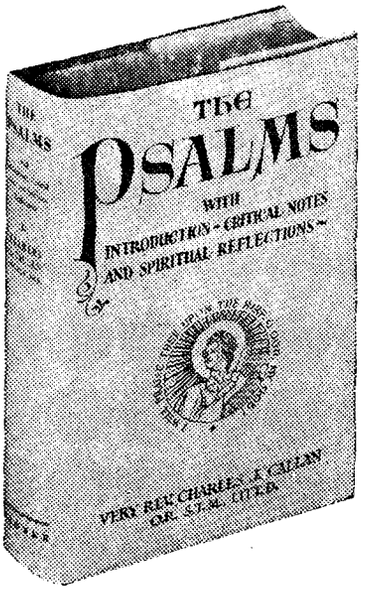

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By

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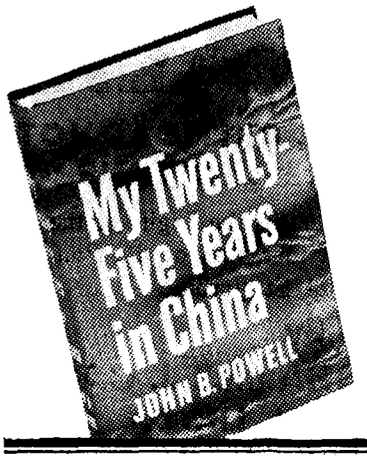

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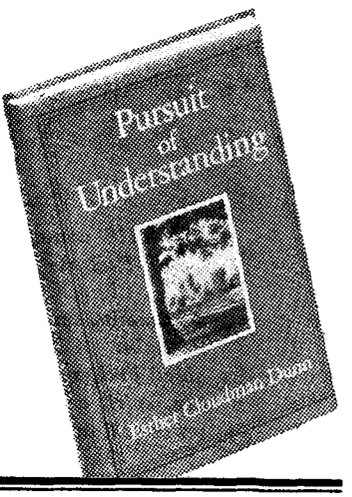

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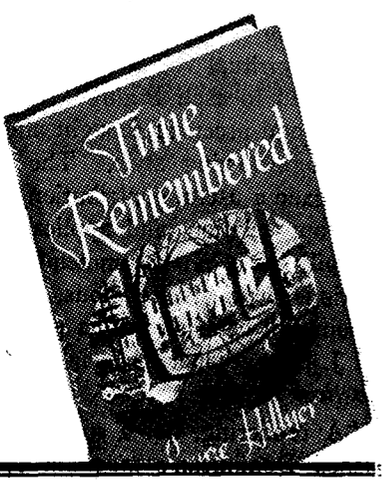

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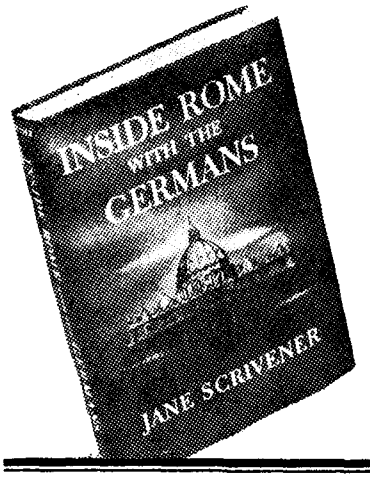

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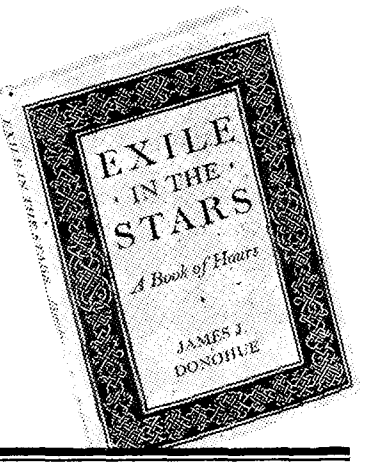

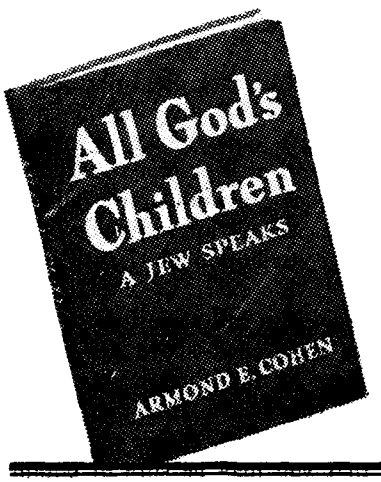

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endlessly fascinating historic relationship between two persons who, whatever one may think of them morally, were among the most brilliant of their generation.

A good picture book is James Truslow Adams's "Album of American History—1783-1853" (Scribners, $7.50) which can do much to make vivid and living a period which young people find very tedious to read about. And for highly specialized yet deeply interesting details one may recommend "Steelways of New England" (Alvin Harlow, Creative, $3.50), which is about early railroading, and "The Cherokee Strip" (Marquis James, Viking, $3.00), about which Judge Lyons, who knows the subject intimately, wrote enthusiastically and at length in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL.

Current Problems—Saul Alinsky is closely associated with Bishop Sheil of Chicago in the Back-of-the-Yards movement—an attempt to help depressed city slum areas lift themselves by their own bootstraps, and a very successful attempt it is. He has written "Reveille for Radicals" (Chicago, $2.50) which is just what its title implies. A Catholic of militantly progressive views who has never failed to align himself with what he has viewed as the democratic position is Francis E. McMahon, formerly of Notre Dame University, now of the University of Chicago. He has written his comment on our days and on his own relation to them in "A Catholic Looks at the World" (Vanguard, $2.75). A more distinguished and more philosophical philosopher, one Mr. McMahon would gladly view as his master, is Jacques Maritain, who this fall gives us French or English texts of the articles and speeches he wrote during the years of war: "Pour la Justice" (Editions de la Maison Française, $2.50). Here again we find a man in relation to the stresses of his day.

The problem of the land is getting more and more attention from Americans. Two very different books admirably complement each other on this subject. "What Is Farming" by Gustav E. Larson and Walter Magnus Teller (van Nostrand, $2.95) is a cold appraisal of life on the land in our time. It is ideal for any one—especially a war veteran—who wants to take up farming as a full-time or part-time livelihood, and the advice and information it gives is strictly practical. It rides no hobby, is committed to no philosophy; it warns and admonishes yet does not discourage. An entirely different book—and one far more readable, more likely to influence thinking with regard to the preservation of our soil—is intended for those who actually are farming or have made up their minds to try. It is "Pay Dirt" by J. M. Rodale (Devin, $3.00) and, for those who have any interest whatever in growing things, it is *the* present of the year. It is well written, based on long, practical experience, invaluable.

More Americans are eager to build themselves homes at the moment than ever before in our nation's history. You must know dozens of them yourself. While materials are scarce and labor equally scarce is the time to decide what sort of home you want. A number of publications are offering all sorts of helps and hints on this subject. Here are two: "Tomorrow's House" (George Nelson and Henry Wright, S&S, $3.00) and "The Small Home of Tomorrow" (Paul R. Williams, Murray & Gee, $2.00).

Two books on minority problems have their special merits. "Black Metropolis," by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Clayton (Harcourt, $5.00) is a careful sociological study of Negro life in Chicago. Wallace Stegner and the Editors of *Look* have produced "One Nation," a copiously illustrated popular work on all American minorities, racial and religious. Some of the pictures are rather corny, but no one can complain at the editors' point of view as expressed in the text, and their work should have a certain propaganda value (Houghton, $3.75).

Those who are concerned over the world's future peace are earnestly recommended to read "The Anatomy of Peace" by Emery Reves (Harper, $2.00) which is a brilliant pamphlet (in the older sense) on our besetting political problem—the problem of sovereignty. It has frequently been mentioned in our columns, and its low price makes it a real bargain. The more people read it, the more likelihood we shal be spared utter destruction in atomic war. Another volume on nationalism, "Nationalism and After" by Edward Hallet Carr (Macmillan, $1.25) is based on a very similar analysis of the troubles of our day. It is characterized by its author's usual brilliance of expression. There have been rafts of books about the world's various countries, some of them good, some superficial and largely worthless. Yet the fact that publishers publish them means that there is a market for them and a healthy curiosity about peoples in other lands. We select four, somewhat at random, but all possessed of this characteristic in common—they go beneath the surface. "Forever China" by Robert Payne (Dodd, $3.50) is one of the largest category of all—books on the Far East. And it is one of the soundest, by all accounts. "Italy and the Coming World" by Don Luigi Sturzo (Roy, $3.50) states the terrible problems confronting that unhappy nation and points to some possible solutions. "The United States and Britain" by Crane Brinton (Harvard, $2.50) is a job of interpretation which should be widely read. It is the first of a series on foreign affairs planned by its publishers. "Brazil: an Interpretation" by Gilberto Freyre (Knopf, $2.00) gives us the thought and thesis of that country's outstanding social critic. It is the work of a man with a thesis, emphatically, but it is stimulating and can tell us much about the largest of our southern neighbors. Especially interesting is Freyre's emphasis on the Negro contribution to Brazilian life.

General Note—We wish to call attention to the fact that many of the books mentioned above are reviewed at greater length elsewhere in this issue: a glance at the table of contents will tell you which. And there is still a paper shortage. In making gift lists, choose several books for each recipient, so that you may be sure of obtaining at least one. Otherwise you are likely to be disappointed. Stocks are low and there simply is not enough paper to replenish them.

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The Friendly Persuasion

by JESSAMYN WEST

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION is a rare and beautiful adventure in reading. Jessamyn West has filled her book with the color of the Indiana countryside, with homely wisdom, with a love for people, and a gaiety and wit that flavor each chapter.

CHARLES LEE: "Her writing sings . . . No mere seasonal triumph . . . bears the hallmark of literature."

ASSOCIATED PRESS: "This is a most subtle and sensitive author, informed exhaustively about the human heart." *$2.50*

ALL TRIVIA

By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

Here are the "tremendous trifles," as Don Marquis called them, emended and revised by the author. *$2.50*

BLACK METROPOLIS

By St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton. A study of Negro life in a Northern city. "Great . . . From cover to cover, this is a book of intellectual discipline and talent."—NEW REPUBLIC. Charts and diagrams. *$5.00*

VIRGINIA WOOLF

By Joan Bennett. Her art as a novelist. "Provocative . . . For it leads one at every point to the text of Virginia Woolf, to the special beauty and significance which it is the critic's duty to discover."—N. Y. TIMES. *$2.00*

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By William March. 55 of his stories, many of which have never appeared in book form, and several new ones published here for the first time. *$3.50*

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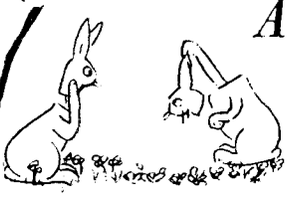

THE WHITE DEER

With illustrations by the author and four pages in multi-color by Don Freeman. *$2.50*

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
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Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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LAURETTE TAYLOR EDDIE DOWLING
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The Stage & Screen

A Sound Of Hunting

NOT HAVING read Harry Brown's best-selling novel, "A Walk in the Sun," I am not qualified to draw comparisons between it and his present Broadway offering. But I seem to remember from the reviews that the author selected a single, small incident on which to base his war story and conclusions, and he has used this same method in his play. The results are interesting, I think, both interesting and disappointing. The scene is set in a bomb-shattered house in Cassino, Italy, where a small group of American troops, patrolling and observing enemy activity in the locality, have been angrily stationed for seventeen days. The problem concerning these men is how they are to find and bring in one of their members, who is pinned somewhere "outside" by enemy fire, in time for the whole patrol to retire to the rear for a rest as they have been ordered to do. In attempting to accomplish this feat, a great deal of discussion is undergone, a number of sallies are made, a court-martial is risked, an officious war-correspondent is soundly taken care of, and, at the final curtain, the retirement move goes through on schedule. The action of the piece takes place in one day.

It is apparent, of course, that the advantages of the method under way are, or should be, those of intensity, direct impact, suspense. However, it doesn't work out quite perfectly at the Lyceum. In the first place, as the name of the chief protagonist, the missing man, does not appear in the cast-list, it is immediately obvious, for a kind of false conventional reason—why not skip the cast-list in a thing of this kind, I wonder?—that the play's conclusion was for the audience foregone, at the same time as it was being argued and acted out on the stage. Naturally, this circumstance shattered a good bit of the very suspense and intensity necessary to the work. Secondly, while development of character might have compensated for the above theatrical lack, I do not think it was possible for Mr. Brown to show his people progressing, regressing, shifting, or varying emotionally. Thinking always of the one thing, talking of it, acting on it, it followed that they could behave as individuals in only one way, and the entire group did in the end emerge pretty much as *types* rather than people. This is not to say that the young author has not skilfully built, with the aid of his cast, one of the better of the war-evenings on the street.

For Mr. Brown has wit, craft, acute observation. But he appears somewhat face, and while he seems able in almost every instance to turn the trick, I think there is a paucity of real invention at the base of this work. The invention of a formula should concern a young writer seriously only once. But Mr. Brown has also a few dingy formulae at hand: the tried business of a master-gesture—here built around a piece of cake—is badly overdone; and the scene between two Harvard men—one a captain, the

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other a draftee—is exactly what Hollywood might dish: sentimental, silly, heroic, and leading nowhere. Same Levene in the part of a Brooklyn Italian is a real joy, and I was especially struck with George Tyne's work in an equivalent part. Bruce Evans's reading of the heel-correspondent seemed sensitively hypocritical, and I thought Sam Leve's setting as exactly horrible as it should have been. The sound of Mr. Brown's hunting comes off a little thin. I should like to hear it again, clearer and with less of an echo—even his own. (*At the Lyceum*).

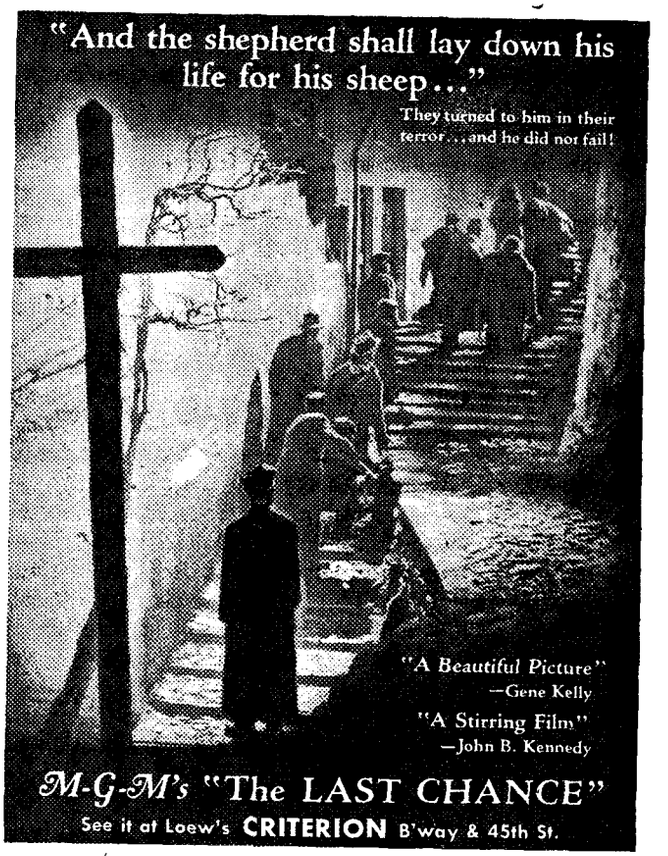
KAPPO PHELAN.

Hit!

EVERY now and then Hollywood hits the bull's eye, and hits it so effectively that even the most noisy detractors of cinema have to eat their own words. With *"The Lost Weekend,"* a bull's eye has been hit and Paramount should be credited for making one of the best movies of this or any other year. Little did we think, when we were first discussing Charles R. Jackson's extraordinary novel about an alcoholic, that it would some day be made into a film, let alone a first-rate one. But once we knew that the movie was in the capable hands of Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, we knew it would be good. It is more than that. Producer Brackett and Director Wilder, who also wrote the script, have changed the Jackson novel little; they have omitted much and have effectively added a few scenes; and the result is a compassionate picture of a man who sinks to the depths, but continues to hold our sympathy from one degrading scene to the next because he remains a man and his story is told with dignity and understanding.

Not the least of the film's assets are its realistic sets. The Birnam apartment actually looks like a New York apartment; and the street scenes, which were photographed in New York, are the real thing. Lest anyone accuse the producers of typical Hollywood exaggeration in changing the locale of Don Birnam's exhausting trek to hock his typewriter from Second Avenue to Third Avenue, it should be noted that only Third Avenue now has an "L," an appendage important in the sound effects of this scene's shrill rising climax. Bellevue Hospital is not named, but is recognizable in its setting. Perhaps the film's weakest and most unreal episode is the one in which Don, after his escape from the hospital on Sunday morning, forces the operator of a liquor store to give him a bottle.

The cast of this unusual film cannot be overpraised. Ray Milland portrays the alcoholic with a serious intensity seldom seen on stage or screen. Since Don is frequently alone, much of the film is done without conversation; it is then that Milland and the camera show how Don is suffering, how he will stoop to any trick to obtain another bottle or even another drink, how he hates himself for his deception, but how he cannot resist his craving. Director Wilder also deserves credit for Milland's perceptive performance, for Wilder has used cinema in the best tradition and it is the camera more than any thing or any one that reveals the plight of this


"And the shepherd shall lay down his life for his sheep..."
They turned to him in their terror...and he did not fail!
"A Beautiful Picture" —Gene Kelly
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See it at Loew's CRITERION B'way & 45th St.

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DEEP ARE THE ROOTS

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sick man. Supporting Milland's outstanding performance in this lengthy rôle are several other fine but shorter portraits; Jane Wyman as Don's fiancée who believes in him, who refuses to give him up as hopeless; Phillip Terry as his serious, patient brother; Howard da Silva as the bartender—disgusted, annoyed, but trying to be helpful; Doris Dowling as the chippie in the saloon who knows she doesn't rate, but even she recognizes in Don something better than the drunk he is. It is interesting that practically every character in this film is really making an effort to assist this mentally-ill man; at least they all want to understand him; their pity, though tempered at times by impatience, is greater than their derision or scorn. This is true even of the cynical male nurse at the hospital (toned down from the novel's characterization, but given an excellent portrayal by Frank Faylen) who sneers, "Ever have the DT's? You will, brother."

It is difficult to say which of the sequences, during the four days covered by the film after Don has got rid of his brother and goes on his long binge, is the most stirring: the sweaty trudge up Third Avenue with its ironical conclusion, or that wild Walpurgis night of delirium in Bellevue's alcoholic ward? Or the flashbacks to the scene (the film's only approach to humor) at the opera where Don met Helen, or to the devoted brother's efforts to cover up for Don, or to Don's own explanation of how he started drinking through fear of failure as a writer?

Perhaps the film's most gripping scene, because it is the most degrading and suspenseful for Don, is the one in which he tries to steal the money from a woman at the nightclub. This tense and horrible situation is guaranteed to produce a cold sweat.

I don't agree with those critics who are objecting to the note of hope at the film's end. Although the finale and Don's resolutions are too sudden after the vivid four days we have been through, we could not bear to have the film end as the book did with complete hopelessness. Since the script emphasizes that there is no cure beside just stopping, it is well that the finale shows Don just stopping. Let us hope that he will keep his resolution. I'd rather think he will. The rumor that the liquor industry is unhappy about "The Lost Weekend" is startling—and, if true, utterly silly. The film doesn't say don't drink. It says drunkenness makes man lose his dignity, and continued drunkenness is an illness that must be cured. Furthermore "The Lost Weekend" is a cinematic work of art, not a didactic sermon—so let the liquor industry mind its own mash, while we drink to the health of these film makers who really know their business.

There are two other attempts at unusual drama this week, but no more bells are rung. *"This Love of Ours,"* based on a Pirandello plot, has great possibilities in its story about a woman who was deserted by her husband because he thought she was unfaithful. Years later, after having discovered his mistake, he finds the woman who is very bitter but agrees to go home with him as his new wife because she wants to be with her daughter. During these years, the daughter, believing that her mother is dead, has been wallowing in a sort of worship of her sainted memory. So the girl ignores her stepmother, who is really her mother; and everyone in the household is on tenterhooks with everyone else. Unfortunately this interesting situation is messed up by the film; and a tight problem in Pirandello metaphysics is made into a cheap melodrama. Suspense is wrung dry by prolonging the story when it could have been ended at any point by a few sensible explanations. The scriptwriters are mainly to blame, but Director William Dieterle isn't up to his best style either. And the efforts of a good cast (Merle Oberon, Charles Korvin, Claude Rains, Helen Thimig) add up to little more than a few exercises in emoting.

★

"Fallen Angel" is one of those films that start out well and then fall over their own feet. In a tense, realistic opening, we see a calculating chiseler arrive in a small California town, work his way into the graces of several of its citizens, fall in love with a cheap, cheating waitress in a roadside diner. She's wise to guys like him and she's holding out for a wedding ring and a man with money. So he practices his wiles on a nice girl who has plenty of cash in the bank. He even succeeds in marrying her, and then plans to visit the bank. But on that day the waitress is murdered, and suspicions point to the nice girl's husband. Otto Preminger, who produced and directed this picture, was no doubt fully aware of the hard-boiled effect of the recent James Cain pieces in the movies, and he tried to go one step farther. But Dana Andrews is so relentlessly tough as the man who knows what he wants, and Linda Darnell is so seductive as the waitress, that even Preminger didn't know what to do with these people after he had them started on their downward path. Alice Faye plays the nice girl in a simple straightforward style, but the rôle is almost too simple. And while there is much to be said for this girl's belief that her husband is worth saving, because he is a fallen angel, the film itself fails to make the conversion convincing. The acting throughout is good (including a large supporting cast: Anne Revere, Charles Bickford, Percy Kilbride, etc.) and the photography is superb. But before this whole group started on their project, they should have decided where they were going. Preminger didn't decide this, and though his intentions were good, his eggs are boiled so hard they bounce.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

The Wind Is Rising. Jules Romains. Knopf. $3.00.

THE twelfth volume of M. Romains's "Men of Good Will," "The Wind Is Rising," carries the social history of the France of our time into the late 1920's. To meet the characters now, in this latest account of their doings, would be like arriving at a reception after midnight when intimate little groups have scattered over the house and there is no longer a wedge for the belated stranger. Although M. Romains, an efficient host, has prepared a brief on each guest to give the reader a

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All Hits– ALL HARPER'S

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BY FRANCES WINWAR

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The colorful story of our various national groups, showing how each has helped to make our country great. A new and exciting kind of history which for the first time rounds out the story of America and brings these groups into proper focus. A NATION OF NATIONS is a book that Americans of all national, racial and religious backgrounds will be reading and referring to for decades to come.

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Heritage of Fire

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"A truly remarkable book by a young grand-daughter of Richard Wagner . . . Friedelind Wagner gives us a wonderful description of her young life in Bayreuth . . . Perhaps of even greater importance is her description of that conceited mountebank, Adolf Hitler."—Walter Damrosch. *Illus.* $3.00

Stuart Little

BY E. B. WHITE

"*Stuart Little* is a dream book. Children will go off to sleep dreaming of its minute hero, and parents who have reread it aloud for the *n*th time will still chortle as they find new glints of E. B. White's matchless humor."—Edward Weeks, *Atlantic Monthly.*

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Woman Without Love

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"One of the most subtle analyses of feminine psychology of our literary day."—*Chicago Tribune.* $2.50

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foothold among them, if you do not already know Jerphanion and Jallez, twin faces of the author's personality, if you do not recall the meteoric financial wizard Havercamp, the benign philosopher Professor Sampeyre, or the discreet murderer Quinette—it is unlikely that this volume will lure you to go back and make their acquaintance.

For, as in most of the preceding volumes, with the exception of "Verdun," which stands by itself on a pinnacle, M. Romains is simply continuing his illustrations of the march of time. In a series of disconnected flashes, he shows the advance toward middle-age and disillusion of the promising young men, and the uneasy approach toward death of the tired old men. But with his irresistible impulse to introduce more and more people on the scene, he has also brought in some new figures, among which Douvrin, a demagogue forcing his way into the labor movement, and Nodiard, a gilded youth half-crazed with the idea that sexual experimentation can become a galvanizing force, are used as symbols of the *fuehrer prinzip,* forerunners of the tyrants who have since set the world ablaze. In his desire to show up the dry-rot which demoralized contemporary France, however, M. Romains has slipped from moderate fastidiousness into a loose vulgarity which makes this volume less perceptive, as well as less convincing, than any in the series thus far.

Potentially important as "Men of Good Will" was in conception, now that the book draws to a close, its actual stature can be gauged. A top-heavy piece of work, it has gone on ramifying, with no downward growth into the sub-soil of the author's consciousness. As such, it can hardly hope for a permanent place among the deep-rooted novels of the great.

VIRGILIA SAPIEHA.

Lovely Is the Lee. Robert Gibbings. Dutton. $3.00.

AND lovely is this book; indeed, I am tempted to blow the horn of challenge and say that this is the loveliest book of the year. It's the record of a long vacation in the west and south of Ireland, a simple tale beginning: I wasn't ten minutes inside the door of the Royal Hotel at Galway before I was accosted on the stairs by a complete stranger, a young man of about thirty years of age. "Come down till I treat you," he said. As I turned to go with him he added: "My name is Jimmy Dillon. What's yours?" I told him. "I'll call you Bob," he said.

That's how it begins, and it simply goes on from there; and crowds of people come and go, and they all have something to say for themselves, and when you hear the blind harpist play "Teddy O'Neil" across the wide square in the soft evening light of Galway, it's better to wear a wide-brimmed hat, says Bob, "for you may want to shade your eyes."

If you can see the Aran islands from Galway, it's a sure sign of rain, said a man who quickly added: "If you can't see them it's raining." Another man said only "Come as ye are," and Bob went out with the fishing fleet, aboard the *Ave Maria.* Still another man said: "We got a dozen fine trout and the Russians have got Kharkov, I know well enough the bitch has got worms, but look at that poor fellow Paddy, drunk again, and the thoughts his mother had for him when he was born!" And Bob wonders whether there isn't some connection between that kind of talk and the intricate plait-work and interlacing spirals characteristic of the old Celtic crosses, and the interlacings of the jigs and reels, with their continuous "yet ever varied and always exciting repetition of the same theme."

There's a good deal of wisdom in Bob's book; and a good deal of solid learning. Astonishing discoveries are made, of an antiquarian sort; there's a search for nesting places of the fork-tailed petrel, and there's a wealth of startling observations about gulls and geese and rocks and lakes and flowers. There are moments of high comedy and moments of tender tragedy. And there's an outpouring of tales and stories, many of them told by those who witnessed with their own eyes the events recorded; so that Bob is moved at one point to exclaim, ever so softly in the fire-light: "And still there are some who don't believe in fairies!"

There's wonder in this book. ("Did you ever see such clear eyes except in children, such fun, such irresponsibility, and, at times, such naughtiness?") But, most remarkable of all, there's a sweep of birds across a wet, windy sky; there's a swell of sea and a movement of tides; there's the odor of burning turf, there's a quality of light and air that's Ireland.

Robert Gibbings was born in Cork, and tells us proudly that Cork "is the loveliest city in the world." He is the son of a Protestant canon of that city, and he has so many friends there to stop and talk to that he's just about concluded that for him "the quickest way to get from one end of Patrick Street to the other, a matter of six hundred yards, would be to take a taxi and tell the driver to make a detour of twenty miles." He knows and, quite obviously, loves Ireland passionately.

What's more, he is an artist, and a very distinguished one too. This book is illustrated with sixty-six of his wood engravings; but among them all—alas and alack—there's nary a map of Ireland, nor of the region about Galway, nor of the lovely valley of the Lee.

DAVID MARSHALL.

Inside Rome with the Germans. Jane Scrivener. Macmillan. $2.50.

THIS is the diary that an American religious kept in Rome from September, 1943, to June 5, 1944—the day on which the author looked out into the Roman street and saw four American soldiers in a jeep. It is entirely simple and direct writing. It is a most remarkably moving document. To anyone who has been in Rome it is a most extraordinary evocation of the city. Day after day there is the name of a building, the name of a street; women stand in line to get food and you see precisely where they are standing, the crowds go through Rome to stand in front of St. Peter's and listen to the Pope speaking to them—for he is their protector and their comfort—and as they walk through the streets the diarist notes this wonderful detail: you could hear the sound of all these people walking in the streets. And that gives you the silence of Rome, the halted traffic, and only this dark and anxious multitude with their steps sounding in the silent streets. What a long and protracted anxiety the Romans had to endure—while we landed at Salerno, and then there were Naples and Bari, and then the long halt at Cassino.

If you read this book you will know what the Romans endured, the German cruelty and, more bitter still, the Italian fascist cruelty in the last hours of fascist power. You will also know what it is to live in a ruined country;

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so that "Jane Scrivener" is not only telling you about the past but about the present, the anxious present. The quality that makes this book so fine is the author's selflessness; she loves the people among whom she lives; she reported what she saw in the months of their misery—how abandoned they were!—how abandoned they are!—she does not think about herself. It would seem impossible ever to return to Rome without reading this book and unless one remembered all that is told in this book.

C. G. PAULDING.

Repent In Haste. John P. Marquand. Little. $1.50.

THE late Ellen Glasgow was, especially in her latter years, one of the most bitter critics of current American ways. Heavy-handed as she tended to be, Miss Glasgow could produce a pervading sense of gloom. Yet, as a critic of American morals, she was less effective than John P. Marquand with his far greater deftness and wit. For that purpose ridicule is ideal. And he has no peer in pillorying the Boston brahmins, the Connecticut station-wagon set or those two fields which seem to enlist some of the nation's high-power brains: book publishing and the advertising business. So superficial and empty does Marquand find American life that when the Hitler threat was at its height, interventionism at times left him cold ("So Little Time").

His new hundred-and-fifty page novel is equally devastating. Not so much that the "kids" on the battle line do not know why "they are in there, pitching." Realization of the actual interdependence of all countries in the world seldom comes in a flash—even an atomic one. It requires a preparation our education does not provide. Mr. Marquand has only admiration for the "kids'" fighting qualities, content as they are in the mere knowledge that they are doing "a good job."

What first upsets him is the morale on the home front. For a brief interval the correspondent who is the author's protagonist goes in for a pitiless reaction to the old-fashioned home he visits in East Orange, N. J.—its stiff, horsehair furnishings, the dinner that is served, the unimaginative conversation across the family board. But he begins to think rather well of those parents of the absent Navy flier who is the book's rather sophomoric hero, when it becomes clear what the flier's wife has been up to in his absence. Comes a final scene. The correspondent—now back in the Pacific—has to break the news of his wife's desertion to the Naval lieutenant. He keeps putting it off. Finally he steels himself and blurts it out. Nothing happens. Nothing. The flier gives his unfaithful wife hardly a moment's thought. He wonders if his infant son will get a bigger allotment. Then in no time at all he is glowingly describing "a cute little trick" he had met at the USO only the day before.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

The Heart of Man. Gerald Vann, O.P. Longmans. $2.

PLAYING upon the themes that man is both lover and maker Father Vann gives us a synthetic treatment of theology and morals—two movements in symphonic arrangement—which is captivating for its style and convincing in its execution. He has much to say about the false self, isolation, misery, and consequent death which are the results of that false trinity, the world, the devil, and the flesh, but his main theme of love leads him to treat amply though discursively of reverence, humility, sharing, living in others, worship and

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creative love. So he has much to say about love in society—how it welds and unites and matures and beautifies the human family, until in God this is redeemed and offered back to Him integral. "Our task is to love and to heal and so to follow remotely in His footsteps. But you cannot love without reverence; you cannot heal unless you are tender—for it is loneliness that we have to heal." "Loneliness is the stuff of hell—a big price to pay for power and glory."

The end of all life is wholeness, and this integration of all the faculties of the self and of all selves in God is a work of love—love creating. The purpose of the Sacraments is then, clearly, to develop the soul out of its childhood and selfish isolation into the fulness of the stature of Christ—into "maturity of judgment and conscience and the ability to play our own part in the cosmic struggle on the side of the good—serving the Church and not merely relying on her." As the Church and her Sacraments are a flood of creative love "making glad the City of God" and descending to earth to build and raise up earth's city to high places in heaven, so the only way back to God is by this flood of redeeming love—the way of worship. "We begin to live moral life in the Christian sense when we begin to turn all that we do and are into worship." In so doing, we are healed and made whole.

There are certain notes and appendices of apologetics at the end of the book, but it is the body of the book which takes hold of mind and will to move them mightily towards a fuller appreciation of what man is and what he is capable of in the ways of loving and creating. It is fresh and profound and challenging.

RICHARD FLOWER.

Dynamite on Our Doorstep. Wenzell Brown. Greenberg. $2.75.

WENZELL BROWN went to Puerto Rico in 1937, to teach English in the Puerto Rican public schools. He left the island in 1939, after spending one year in Ponce and one year in San Sebastian. Early this year, in Washington, D. C., a chance encounter with a former pupil determined Mr. Brown to write a book about our insular possession. With that end in view, he returned to Puerto Rico to refresh earlier memories. This book is the result.

"Dynamite on Our Doorstep" reads exactly like the book of a man who has decided to write a book. In his effort to make it interesting—which it is—he gives the impression of having overloaded his gun. One has the feeling that the many startling and bizarre incidents related did happen—to someone; but one is tempted to doubt that all of them happened to Mr. Brown. Anyone who has been in Puerto Rico knows that there is more than a fair share of misery and vice; but even the stay-at-home reader might question whether *all* of Mr. Brown's pupils could have been idiots, neurotics, or degenerates. Four-letter words which are spelled out in full in certain novels are more discreetly indicated here, but their frequency gives the same flavor of conscious sensationalism.

In a book that professes to be a survey of Puerto Rican life, the reader is surprised to find the religious life of the people totally ignored. Twice priests are mentioned: one laughingly applauds a bit of Jew-baiting; the other sensually strokes a pregnant hibiscus in his garden. There is no mention of the missionaries slogging through the mud of el Fanguito or la Perla; no mention of priests

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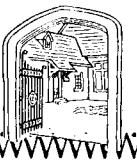

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climbing mountain trails on burros, and breaking their fast at two in the afternoon.

The author is of the opinion that a subconscious feeling of racial inferiority accounts for many of Puerto Rico's problems, particularly for the Puerto Rican's dislike for and distrust of Americans. Graver authorities than Mr. Brown have acquitted Puerto Rico of a racial problem or racial consciousness. It is possible that the author has viewed the island too much through the eyes of his alter ego, Cecilian Cofresi. Cecilian, whose paternal grandmather was a mulatto, was the author's constant companion during his residence in the Caribbean.

It seems generally agreed by students of the question that there is nothing wrong with Puerto Rico which cannot be cured by a full dinner-pail and elemental hygiene. If Mr. Brown's book does nothing more than to bring the consciousness of our responsibility to a few more American minds, his work, for all its limitations, will have been worth while.

LEO J. TRESE.

I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen. Leon Z. Surmelian. Dutton. $2.75.

IN THESE DAYS of rampant lifes with father and remembering mamas, it is fitting that we should read the reminiscences of another American whose childhood was very different from the current literary patterns. Leon Surmelian was born in Armenia in 1905 and came to this country in 1922. That he should have lived through those years of persecution, hardship and adventure is as amazing as his writing this extraordinarily fine book in a language which he learned only since coming here. It is difficult to classify his book, which is not a straight autobiography, but rather a series of chronological sketches, rewarding in anecdote and rich in detail. Their first appearance at different times in at least eight magazines accounts for certain repetition, but this by no means detracts from Surmelian's good prose style which is marked by simplicity and an unaffected poetical quality.

Perhaps it is because Armenians have lived in a land that has been a battle ground for so many years and because their history is one long struggle against oppression, that Surmelian can write of death and horror with such casualness. There is little hatred as he tells of Turkish massacres, of cruelty and systematic extermination of his people, of deportation, separation of families, slaughter. There is incredible sadness in some of the episodes, but there is great love in others—love of the past. With glowing warmth, the author describes the services of Holy Week, the customs, local color, the foods, his fellow patriots, the friendly Greeks, the wonderful sea, "the fine dignity which distinguished the members of my mother's family." The most surprising characteristic in this book is its healthy humor; for, in spite of (or maybe because of) surviving "sorrows too deep for words or tears," this young perceptive and imaginative hero enjoyed life. Frequently Surmelian laughs at himself—because he knows himself.

After years of being buffeted about in Armenia, Russia, Turkey, the boy decides to go to America to study agriculture, to be born again away from the evils of the old world. No doubt because the first part of this unusual book is so fascinating, I found even more interesting the closing chapters which give the young immigrant's first impressions of this country. The beautifully written last two chapters acknowledge American advantages and

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mechanical perfections, but overflow with nostalgic "I remember, I remember" for Armenia. This is understandable, for the author's childhood was indeed memorable and stands as a symbol of the will to live. It is no wonder that he hopefully concludes: "Perhaps after this war the peoples of the world, remembering death, would live a life of peace, dignity and wisdom by becoming children at heart."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Elizabeth and Leicester. Milton Waldman. Houghton. $3.00.

"GOOD Queen Bess's golden days," with all their greed, hope, and nascent brilliance, are brought to life again by Milton Waldman in his dual-biography, "Elizabeth and Leicester," wherein the world's most enigmatic love is dissected artfully. Elizabeth's life story is replete with perplexing problems. There is considerable disagreement, even among scholars familiar with the strangely deceptive character of Tudor times, where Queen Elizabeth and her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, are concerned. By a curious anomaly of history, Lord Leicester's reputation has suffered along two lines. He has been put down either as a thoroughly wicked and despicable climber, or as a fop of the brainless and stupid sort.

Readers of "Kenilworth" received an unfavorable impression of Leicester from Sir Walter Scott's cuttingly inaccurate portrayal. Most Elizabethan historians and writers have presented equally distorted pictures. Mr. Waldman makes the No. 2 figure of his dual-biography stand out as a convincing human being—even though often misguided and vain—so far from our own times, and, yet, so amazingly close. He shows Leicester to have been a nobleman of great personal charm, a devoted (perhaps too devoted) subject of the Great Gloriana, and an unusual general, in that he did not pretend to competence. Mr. Waldman's study does not, however, go as far as Frederick Chamberlin's earlier "Elizabeth and Leicester" in attempting to present the belted swain as the outstanding figure of his times, second only to the Queen herself.

For three decades this well-matched pair, Queen and Knight, kept each other in continual play at political chess. Courtiers, lowlier subjects, and diplomatic emissaries stood helpless and perplexed. In one instance, Mr. Waldman refers to their conduct as that of "cruel and brilliant children." There was something of that in all their bouts of friendship, love and subtle antagonism.

The author, who is an American resident in England, creates from the slim figure of the last Tudor a passionate, lonely, hesitant woman, molded by her brilliant mind and by her long use of royal power into a majestic symbol of personal sovereignty. He is not the only historian to regard Elizabeth as perhaps the greatest sovereign who ever occupied the English throne.

The Elizabethan great rise again to vigorous life, and pass through their gilded apartments in a vivid picture of late Tudor England. There is plenty of room in these spacious chambers of time for the other great figures of those days—sly Burghley, feckless Mary of Scotland with whey-faced Darnley, poetic Philip Sidney, the astute Walsingham, and strategic Parma.

The Waldman judgment on Leicester is well summarized thus: "Perhaps, when all was said and done,

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—James O. Supple, *Chicago Sun.*

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this was his part in her life, to play the tempter to her imagination, representing it, almost being it: unable quite ever to win her over altogether because of the lessons life had taught her, yet holding her by the fascination of the quality in him she cherished all the more for having so sternly to subdue it in herself."

Mr. Waldman does not go much beyond Major Martin A. S. Hume in explaining Leicester's exact position in Elizabethan diplomacy. The Queen played off France against Spain, and Spain against France, keeping half a dozen suitors on tenterhooks, yet got the better of both nations in the long run. "Without Leicester as a permanent matrimonial possibility to fall back upon," Major Hume explained, "the endless negotiations for marriage with foreign princes would soon have become pointless and ineffectual, and the balance would have been lost." Major Hume's "Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" was published in 1904.

This historiography has all the lively movement and the color of a romance, along with the more durable qualities of a true chronicle of the character and action of real people in an era of devastating moral and political changes. Mr. Waldman has done nobly in weighing and understanding these changes in an adventurous, noble, and stimulating, yet barbarous, age—"the spacious times of Great Elizabeth."

ROLFE BOSWELL.

The Trollopes: The Chronicle of a Writing Family. Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins. Columbia. $4.00.

THE TROLLOPE family was an astonishing one, judged by any standards. This account provides us with a record of its amazing talents and diversities. The father of Anthony Trollope, Thomas Anthony, was a morose, crusty old fellow who labored for years over an immense "Encyclopaedia Ecclesiastica." Only a section of it was ever published; the rest perished into oblivion the same day its author took wing. Frances Trollope, best remembered for her acrimonious "Domestic Manners of the Americans," was a woman of enormous energy who turned out poems, travel books, and novels and who once undertook the establishment of a drygoods store in remote Cincinnati. Two of their children gained fame. Thomas Adolphus wrote travel books, novels, and, most important, historical works on Tuscan subjects. But the flower was Anthony, important in the English Post Office service, writer of biographies, author of books of travel, and a novelist whose production was of the Willow Run or River Rouge sort. In his spare time he wrote short stories, reviews, essays, plays, and, for a good measure, tossed in a bit of editing.

At various times the family (or some of its members) lived in the United States, Australia, Belgium, Ireland, Italy, France, Austria, South Africa, and the Hebrides. They appear to have known almost everyone worth knowing. The names of eminent Victorians pop up constantly: the Brownings, Dickens, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Matthew Arnold, Thackeray, Austin Dobson, George Henry Lewes, George Eliot, Charles Lever, John Forster and hosts of others. At times the family fortunes were at ebb tide, but the Trollopean energy always pulled them out.

The plan of the book is chronological (essentially) but the nature of the task invites a good deal of critical appraisal. It is at this point that the performance is

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least satisfactory. For example, I have turned back to see what sort of estimate the authors make of one of Trollope's best remembered novels, "The Warden." There is an interesting account of how he came to write it, but the satirical portrait of Carlyle as Dr. Pessimist Anticant seems uppermost in the minds of the writers. There is wanting a serious appraisal of Trollope as an artist, of his place in the history of the English novel. Compare, for instance, what Lord David Cecil has to tell us about him with what we get from this book, and you will see the difference between penetrating criticism and amiable commentary.

Another thing: the portrait of Anthony leaves a central question unanswered: how did this monarch among novelists emerge from the dull chrysalis Anthony was at Harrow? An account of his development should have been the major concern. As presented in this study, his emergence is a matter to gasp at, not to accept.

In the notes at the end of the book are sources, general and special, which the authors consulted. The index appears fully satisfactory.

CHARLES DUFFY.

The Golden Carpet. Somerset de Chair. Harcourt. $3.50.

SOMERSET DE CHAIR'S two war books, "Kingcol" and "The Silver Crescent"—united into one volume by the American publishers—were written at the request of the Golden Cockerel Press, publisher of the great T. E. Lawrence. De Chair's books, printed on hand-made paper, and bound in leather, were manufactured in exactly the same make-up as Lawrence's "Crusader Castles" and "Secret Dispatches From Arabia." This is an honor apt to go to anyone's head, especially a man of unusual self-consciousness, vanity and braggadocio. Writes de Chair: "As the events recede only the romantic deeds of Lawrence in the desert remain as literature. So it may be again."

Somerset de Chair, who became a Conservative member of Parliament in 1935, at the age of twenty-four, is not burdened with Lawrence's problems and spiritual depth; he is an easy-going chap who remains on the outside of things but proves a skilled and successful bluffer.

This young man had a very interesting military assignment as intelligence officer to the Fourth Cavalry Brigade that moved from Palestine 700 miles across the Arabian desert under the inspiring leadership of Brigadier John Joseph Kingstone. These 750 Britishers occupied Baghdad after a thirty days' campaign though it was defended by 40,000 Iraqui troops. This happened just in the most critical days of the war, in spring 1941, when Raschid Ali, persuaded by German agents and the widespread belief that the Allies were on the losing side, rose in revolt against the British control of the Arab world. Thus the author had the opportunity to report on a vital and brilliant enterprise of British military history, though it cannot compete with Lawrence's unique originality and hardships.

The gap between Lawrence's and de Chair's human and literary stature, however, would still leave room enough for a great man and an extraordinary writer. In spite of the historic background and the strategical importance of Brigadier Kingstone's smart action, "The Golden Carpet" is not a book of high caliber. The descriptions of landscape and people are like that of an unimaginative travel book, they make any reference to Lawrence an impudent blasphemy. Lawrence's writings

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are full of adventure and excitement, though he never goes forth in hectic search of thrills and "romance" as does the ambitious Captain Somerset de Chair. Lawrence is always the soul of England amidst the Arabian atmosphere, while author de Chair makes much ado about his uninteresting ego, his petty tricks, his efficient chauffeur and his worries about bath and tea. I am sure that de Chair will long be forgotten at a time that will still praise T. E. Lawrence as one of the greatest figures and writers of our century. It is the author's own fault if we do him injustice by measuring his mediocre personality against a man of Lawrence's caliber. Taken as an average war report his book is not without interesting information and merit. MAX FISCHER.

The Senate and the Versailles Mandate System. Raymond W. Logan. The Minorities Publishers. $2.00.

COLONIES, dependencies and satellite nations of the defeated Axis, the Soviet absorbed lands and peoples of Eastern Europe, and Arab-dominated and oil-stained Palestine denied to its own people interest Americans who are less confident of a satisfying solution of international problems than the last generation. Power politics still thrives. Well timed is Doctor Logan's study of the senatorial attitude toward mandates during the battles against Wilson's League and Covenant. Today the mandates seem more significant as hindsight recognizes their mistaken assignment at and after the Versailles peace conference. Possibly there are lessons for trustee nations in the coming post-war era.

Professor Logan of Howard University, a Harvard-trained historian with substantial volumes to his credit, is superbly qualified to review this subject. This he handles without emotion and few asides which would annoy Jim Crow himself. With skill he summarizes the debates of Senators without annoying quotations, and no search for the materials of special pleading. It is an embarrassing résumé: some solons' ignorance of history and geography; isolationism versus international idealism; factional hatred for Wilson; vote-seeking speeches for Buncombe and for racial constituents, including the enlarged Negro population in northern industrial centers; bitter racialism based upon Anglo-Saxon superiority; slurs against small nations from Liberia to Central America; pulling the lion's tail for anti-English voters with references to depressed peoples of Egypt, India, and Ireland; and inconsistent poses of southern Democrats who regarded democracy as an export commodity. It was a long cry from Wilson's assertion, January 22, 1917, that no peace could or should be lasting "which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed and that no right anywhere exists to handle peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property." Even at the war's conclusion, Wilson visualized a disinterested peace untainted by competitive interests of powerful nations whose "avowed and concerted purpose is to satisfy and protect the weak as well as to accord their just rights to the strong."

Quite correctly, Dr. Logan notes:

> Irishmen and their sympathisers had great interest in denouncing Great Britain for acquiring new territory and for not granting Ireland "home rule," but they displayed little interest in self-determination or self-government for the inhabitants of the mandated areas.

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For Africa, senators displayed no concern, and little more for the Pacific islands, other than an occasionally expressed fear of the Japanese menace. As a result of an acceptance of the League, Senator McCormick predicted:

> In the high places of Asia, the snow will cover the frozen bodies of Americans perhaps now unborn, and American mothers—little girls today, mayhap, playing in the summer air about the door yards—will mourn their sons fallen in the desert wastes of Syria and Egypt.

He was right, a current internationalist would explain, but because an irreconcilable minority in the Senate and an unyielding President defeated the Treaty and vetoed American acceptance of the League.

Again after the Treaty was defeated, Wilson was denied authority to assume an expensive mandate over Armenia, even as he pleaded:

> The sympathy for Armenia among our people has sprung from untainted consciences, pure Christian faith, and an earnest desire to see Christian people everywhere succored in their time of suffering, and lifted from their abject subjection and distress and enabled to stand upon their own feet and take their place among the free nations of the world.

In general the mandates followed the secret preliminary agreements: Syria and Lebanon to France; Iraq, Palestine, and Trans-Jordan to Britain; the Cameroons and Togoland to France and England; Tanganyka to Britain; Ruanda Urundi to Belgium; German Southwest Africa to the Union of South Africa; the Marshall, Caroline, and Marianas islands to Japan; Western Samoa to New Zealand; Nauru, with its valuable phosphates, to England; and New Guinea to Australia. The spoils were distributed. Japan was assisted on the aggressive trail to Pearl Harbor.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

A Survey of Catholic Literature. Stephen J. Brown and Thomas McDermott. Bruce. $2.50.

THE TWO HUNDRED and forty-nine pages of this book cover the general subject of Catholic literature from the beginnings to the present, an obviously impossible task which the widely-read authors should never have undertaken. The publisher's blurb describes the volume as "the story of Catholic letters, told in terms of men, books, and movements, as written in every land where Catholicism is to be found and on every subject embraced in the term literature." This is partly gospel truth but mostly pure hokum. One cannot deny that the authors range wide: in time, from the second century to the nineteen forties; in place, from the Europe of patristic and medieval days to the present, then back and over, up and down the continents from Canada and Norway to South Africa and Australia. The general editor of the *Science and Culture Series,* in which the book appears, speaks of it as a magic carpet. More appropriately, it might be termed a super streamlined, atomic-energized excursion plane guaranteed to touch more literary realms than any of its competitors—or your money back.

Something of the inadequacy of this survey may be indicated by brief reference to the sixth chapter, "Old English and Scottish Literature," wherein, incidentally,

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the term *Old English* is employed to cover the period from the beginnings to 1400, a usage notoriously outmoded. Here we find approximately two pages devoted to what is properly called Old English literature (the authors prefer the hoary and misleading epithet *Anglo-Saxon*), four to Middle English (which should not be written hyphenated, as it is on page 68), less than two pages to the Latin writings, and slightly more than two to the literature of Scotland. "Beowulf" is disposed of, not in a sentence but merely a clause, the authors not even so much as hinting at the Christian element which is so integral a part of the poem and which so greatly enriches it. Chaucer fares slightly better; he gets one sentence in this section ("The fame of Chaucer has eclipsed contemporaries and immediate successors who but for it might have better survived") but it is only fair to admit that he receives more extended mention (two sentences) in the first survey chapter, "From the Beginnings to the Renaissance." "Piers Plowman," the "Pearl," and the works of John Gower are all mentioned in such a way that an intelligent reader might be tempted to become acquainted with them but on the whole, the emphasis here (as too frequently elsewhere) is on the odoriferous sanctity of the items cited.

It is to be hoped that enough readers will be sufficiently exasperated by "A Survey of Catholic Literature" to make use of the reading lists which follow each chapter. They can be tremendously useful to the ordinary man wishing to learn something of the variety and the significance of a literature truly catholic.

THOMAS A. KIRBY.

Shinto, the Unconquered Enemy. Robert O. Ballou. Viking. $2.75.

UNFORTUNATELY for this painstaking presentation, Shinto is *not* "the unconquered enemy"; not even an enemy at all in itself. Everything we do in the Pacific and Asia from now on is fraught with consequences so great that we must understand what we say and do from every angle. As a belief, Shinto is negligible. It is a vague deification of the phenomena of nature very like similar pseudo-religions of early Greece and pre-Christian Ireland. It has now turned into something dangerous. It is the process which has made it so that is important. Mr. Ballou has developed his thesis more on the political side; while he is right, it is not enough. It would have been fuller and more satisfactory if he had realized the meaning of dogmatic theology—which is by no means irrelevant to the subject. Japanese nature worship was the link among all the heterogeneous elements which eventually combined to make up the Japanese people. In this general worship, one such element believed itself to be the physical descendants of a hierarchy of mythological gods, great and small. The Emperor is the descendant of the greatest of these gods. The foundation of the system which evolved therefrom is, therefore, theocratic. It becomes possible to speak of it as a religion. Upon that basis it was simple enough to build a theocratic military totalitarianism. It is military totalitarianism that is the enemy for which we have no place in today's world; but even so, Japanese military totalitarianism is neither unconquered nor unconquerable. Since we are accepting the Japanese system as a theocracy and Shinto as a religion (which acceptance must be true since we are taking the trouble to discuss it and to refute its basic idea), it is useful to

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employ theological terms for clarification of what we are saying, which is why reference has been made to dogmatic theology.

To the majority of Japanese, divinity of the imperial system is dogma. Dogma is the teaching of fundamental principles without possibility of error. In Christian terminology definition of the nature of a particular belief and properly constituted authority for right and infallible definition are both essential. Widespread belief is usually not authoritatively defined until it is seriously challenged to the detriment of orthodoxy. Dogmatic theology is, therefore, an evolutionary science.

If that is accurate and clearly stated, it becomes evident how Shinto and a notion of human divinity combined produced the Japanese theocratic military totalitarianism of today. Both existed since the beginnings of authentic Japanese history. Emperors were not supposed to rule. They sanctioned rule of some body of men for the protection of the *imperium* and the consolidation of Japanese people in evolution. This body of men would normally be one or the other of the most powerful warrior-class chieftains. Growth of the unifying link among all became increasingly important. In the modern era, leading scholars interpreted and rationalized the basic system. After 1889 the military establishment was accepted as extra—and supra-constitutional: in a word, as the final authority in the definition of the basic dogma. Consequently, it is misleading to speak of "militarism," "military party," "military clique" as the words are used among us of the West. The Japanese system is unique in the world. In Christian terminology, when dogmatic definition has occurred, the believer accepts, or he is excluded from the community of believers; he is excommunicated. The Japanese go further. The excommunication is possible since all Japanese are part of divinity as long as they remain part of Japan and of the totalitarian system. Now, incident to Christianity is reason. Shinto is not reasoned. The dogma is imposed by military authority. Once military authority is removed, Japanese faith alone, stripped of reason, is not at all likely to survive.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Catholic Year—1946. *Edited by Albert J. Nevins. Essential Books (Duell).* $1.00.

THIS pictorial calendar deals with the secular rather than the ecclesiastical year. It is made up of Biblical texts and pictures with descriptions of Catholic activities in all parts of the world and a week-by-week calendar with space each day for social engagements or other notations. Holy days and days of fast and abstinence are noted, together with the feast days of the principal saints. It will be welcomed for its pictures.

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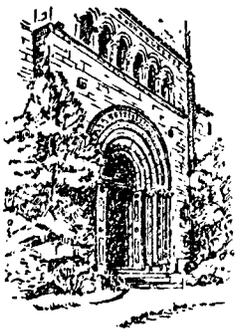

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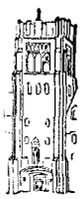

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vividly when abstracted to the test-tube setup of this story. Although there is considerable skill shown in passages describing scenes about the city, most of the characters and Newman's problems seem overdrawn for the purposes of the story.

The author's techniques for building suspense and dramatic situations are obvious and unconvincing. His general approach might be called psychological. Newman's emotional activity is the basis of the story, his distresses, hopes, fears, contemplations, dreams and decisions. His mental gyrations and contortions are often implausible and the treatment of emotional material seems colorless and artificial. The book is a realistic handling of an unreal story. EDWARD FRANCIS KEEFE.

The Inner Forum

The English Liturgy Society

THE COMMONWEAL has asked me for a brief account of the rise and progress of the English Liturgy Society, an association whose members seek permission for a more extended use of their mother-tongue in the public worship and the rites and ceremonies of the Church. Their reasons for so doing are fairly obvious; they claim that the use of vernacular would quicken devotion, increase the knowledge of the doctrines of the Church among the faithful, and foster a closer and more intelligent participation in the acts of public worship and the administration of the sacraments. The motive power of the movement comes from those who desire for themselves a better acquaintance with the mind of the Church and the spirit of the liturgy, and from those who (though it is no barrier for them) do recognize that for the vast majority of Catholics the use of Latin is a formidable obstacle to a closer understanding. So it came about that the origins of the society were rather unusual; it was formed because of a widely expressed desire among rank and file Catholics that some responsible body should take note of their needs, and prepare, and in due course present on their behalf, a petition to the proper ecclesiastical authorities begging for a wider use of the vernacular in the services of the Church.

It is well to bear in mind these facts about the origin of the E.L.S. because they explain certain matters that have been the subject of questions and some unfriendly criticism. What right or authority, for instance, have the officials of the society to initiate such a campaign? Why has not the society obtained episcopal sanction for its activities? Whom does the society represent? And what are its aims—are they limited, or do they extend to the complete anglicization of everything, the Mass included? The most satisfactory way to answer these questions is to relate the story of the E. L. S. from its inception. The immediate occasion was the publication in the *Catholic Herald* of a short article drawing attention to a remarkable passage in Mr. Belloc's recent book, "Elizabethan Commentary." There Mr. Belloc gave high praise to the incomparable beauty of the Anglican liturgy and said of it that it was the determining factor in the national change of religion and the main reason why the English remained in the Protestant Church to this day. In face of such an opinion expressed by such an authority, what (the writer of the article asked) did

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English Catholics propose to do about it? That opened the floodgates of controversy and for many weeks the columns of the *Catholic Herald* were filled with letters, *pro* and *con* on English liturgy. As the discussion proceeded, more than one correspondent suggested that letter-writing by itself was getting us nowhere, and they called on those who had taken a prominent part in advocating a vernacular liturgy to gather together favorable opinions and formulate a plan to lay these views before the competent authority. Thus challenged a number of priests and laymen published a "Joint Letter" outlining their idea of such a scheme and promising to carry it through if the response to their letter justified such an undertaking. In the event the answers received left no doubt that there was a general and wide-spread desire for change, though there was considerable diversity of opinion as to how far the change should go.

Thus the E. L. S. came into being. The officials who conduct it derive their authority from those Catholics who have asked them to place their views and plead their case before the hierarchy. They have not asked for previous episcopal sanction because the whole object of their scheme is to prepare a petition for episcopal consideration and approval. And with regard to the aims of the Society, they are to enlist the aid of scholars, liturgists, theologians and historians so that a complete, adequate and documented case may be laid before the Bishops, in which both maximum and minimum views will find a place, since all members are agreed that the final word must lie with the ecclesiastical authority.

Wartime restrictions on paper and publishing facilities have severely handicapped the promoters in advertising the movement. Nevertheless, the E. L. S. slowly but surely is becoming known, not only in England but in other English-speaking countries; already it includes many well known American Catholics. Though so far, as stated above, no official approach has been made to the bishops, either individually or collectively, all the English bishops receive the Society's publications, and one Archbishop and three Bishops are members of the Society. The president of the E. L. S. is the Reverend H. F. Davis, D.D., M.A., Vice Rector of Oscott College, Birmingham, and the Joint Secretaries are Dom Oswald Sumner, O.S.B., of Downside Abbey, and the Reverend S. J. Gosling, Alton, Stoke-on-Trent, England.

S. J. GOSLING.

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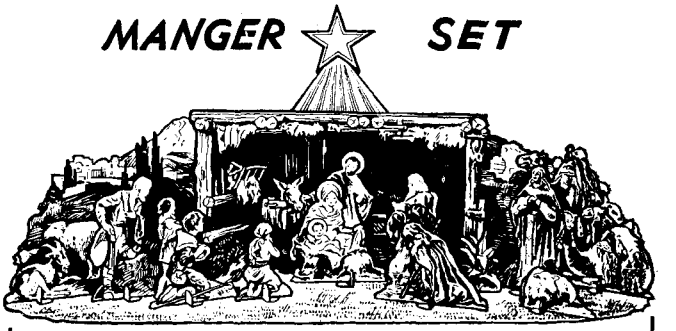

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